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THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

APR. 1952

IN THIS ISSUE

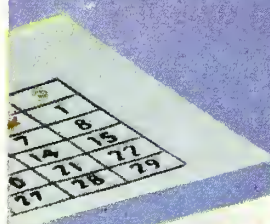
ARE WE TRYING TO LOSE GERMANY?

By RICHARD S. WEIL

SEE
→ PAGE
14



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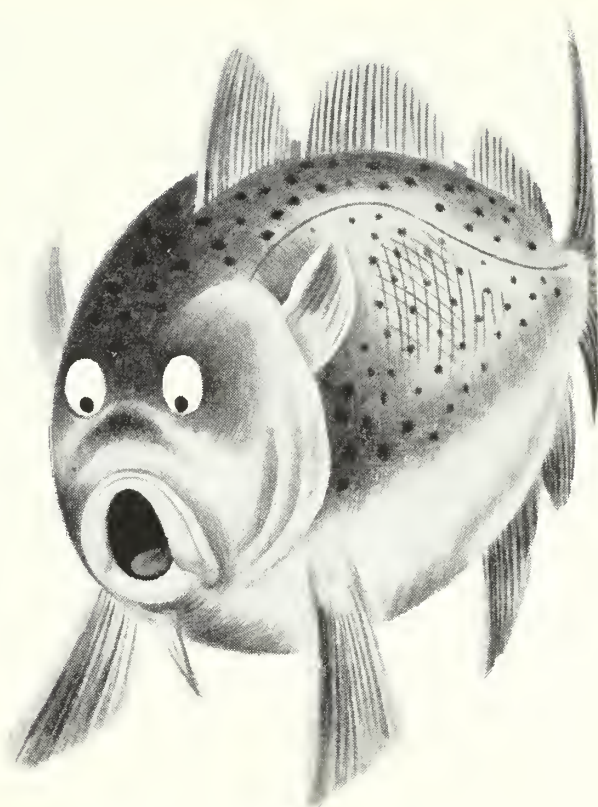
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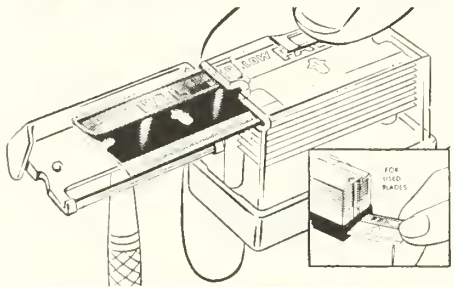
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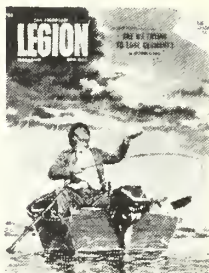
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THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

VOL. 52 No. 4



Fishing is certainly one of the most relaxing sports we know, but it can also be exasperating, as this month's cover shows.

POSTMASTER: Please send copies returned under labels Form 3579 to Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

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EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis 6, Indiana
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING
580 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.
WESTERN OFFICE
333 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago 1, Illinois

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using notice form 225 which you may secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your Magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1952 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

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Manuscripts, artwork, cartoons submitted for consideration will not be returned unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included.

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To the men who have gone before...

We pause a moment here on this page, foregoing our usual advertising message, because The Texas Company is 50 years old this month. We pause to pay tribute to the men who have gone before us who with their hands, their hearts and their minds built this great American company which is now in our trust.

We pay tribute to the adventurous spirit of the men who sought and found the stores of oil hidden so deeply and so long from mankind. We pay tribute to the careful men of science and precision who invented the intricate techniques of splitting petroleum into so many useful things — from asphalt to medicine.

We pay tribute to the men of vision who built the vast refineries and sent the oil out to the street corners of the world. We pay tribute to the men of labor who gave their years in the shop, in the sun and on the sea to make this company one of the sinews of strength of our country.

To these men we are grateful.

To the men who are yet to come...

We look ahead. We see The Texas Company of the future in the hands of those who today are busy with playthings. Some will, perhaps, be your own sons and grandsons. They will learn much at schools and colleges — much more than we did — because there is more to learn.

To them we will turn over our oil fields, refineries, tankers — and our knowledge — all we have, gathered slowly over the 50 years. They will add to it greatly. They will give you services that we do not now know. They will give you finer products for a finer standard of living, and, we trust, in a less troubled world.

Our greatest responsibility is to select as best we can from these young men and young women of the future those most fitted for these various tasks — those best able to serve America through this company.

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Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

CONCERNING KATYN

Sir: You are to be commended for featuring Ambassador Lane's article on the atrocities committed by the reds upon the Polish officers in the Katyn forest. Bringing to light these and other savagely brutal acts of the communists should help to keep the powers that be from continuing to cover up for Stalin and his inhuman helpers.

Frank A. Harasick
Los Angeles

Sir: It seems to me that your semantic color is getting to be unbearably purple. Re: *The Truth About Katyn* with its vocabulary limited to words like "gunmen," "red atrocity," "outlaws," "murderers," "revolting crime," etc. And what, Sir, is the meat of all this soul-stirring business? This: "The Russians displaced 15,000 Polish officers, kept them awhile, then executed them." Period. If true, the one-sentence datum might be useful as a psycho-sociologic characterization of the enemy, useful in predicting his future behaviour. Again, period. Too bad about the Poles. Also too bad about the 12,000 men, women and children that Joshua slaughtered when he sacked the city of Hai. It's a historical fact, over and done with. Not to be forgotten, but not to be childishly screamed about either. If you've got a fact, present it; but stop giving people a belly-ache with the emotional stew you hide it in. The Legion isn't a rabble to be roused by you.

Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Kyle, Texas

▼ By all means, let us not get excited over such things—or Korea. *Editors*



DOESN'T HE READ THE PAPERS?

Sir: We enjoyed *Basketball, Midwestern Style* in the February issue, but how in the world could he have failed to mention such teams as Kansas and St. Louis University? Both have been in all "top tens"—Kansas has held the lead—St. Louis U. took Kentucky in the Sugar Bowl. For that matter how about Kansas State, which just beat Kansas? And for that matter Oklahoma Aggies? Or aren't these "midwestern" teams? If he has to mention George Mikan, now a pro, how could he omit Easy Ed

McCauley. Doesn't he read the papers or was the article conceived before the season got under way?

John K. Walsh
Jefferson City, Mo.

TWO FLAGS

Sir: Recently I attended a memorial service held for a deceased Korean War veteran, and I was impressed with the absence during the ceremony of any reference to the United Nations. No United Nations flag was displayed and no mention was made that this veteran gave his life while serving the United Nations. It seems to me that much could be done to impress people with the importance of the United Nations, and I would like to suggest that when the widow or next of kin of the deceased Korean veteran is presented with an American flag, during such a service, it would be well if a flag of the United Nations is also presented.

William F. Spikes
Judge, Eleventh Judicial District
of Nebraska
St. Paul, Nebraska

LILY-LIVERED, OSTRICH-LIKE

Sir: I regret to see that in your January issue you take a lily-livered ostrich-like attitude when you state in your *Sound Off* column the following:

"Almost every letter we received concerning this article asked that we print lists of commies and pro-commies in movie-making. However, the industry insists it is gradually eliminating subversives, so we'll wait and see."

Individual Legionnaires all over America are ready, willing and anxious to do anything possible to rid the entertainment industry of these subversive elements, and it appears to me that you as editors certainly do not evidence the guts of the average Legionnaire. I sincerely hope that you will reverse your stand and each month print in our magazine a list of these people who would destroy our way of life while enjoying the fruits thereof.

David Womack, Jr.
Representative, Humphreys County
House of Representatives
Jackson, Miss.

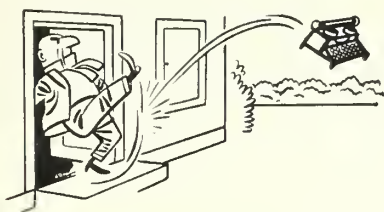
▼ See Editor's Corner.

THE VERY FINISH

Sir: After reading *Can You Get Good Care in a Veterans Hospital?* by National Commander Wilson in the February issue, for one can say—"They are tops." I re-

cently returned from the Wilkes-Barre VA hospital. . . . Nothing is too much trouble as long as the patient receives the benefit. The medical staff is the very finest that can be obtained. They take personal interest in and make thorough study of each case. I can truthfully say I received wonderful care.

M. S. Leonard
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



HUNDREDS OF EXPERTS

Sir: Concerning my widely read and criticized letter on temperatures. I should have known better—honest. Truth is, the article made me kind of angry, and as I skimmed over the temperature part, the only thought that flashed through my mind was confused with Absolute zero. I immediately jumped on the typewriter and beat off my letter to you with no further scientific (or otherwise) thought. This lack of thought has been very carefully pointed out to me by several hundred letters and cards. Guess the moral is: "Thou shalt not sound off until thou hast done sufficient thinking!"

John House
Frankfort, Mich.

WHO'S APATHETIC?

Sir: *All's Quiet on the Home Front* in the February number expresses what a lot of us must feel. The only trouble is, it will reach so few of the ones who ought to read it. I am writing to suggest that reprints be made and sent to every member of Congress.

Philip W. Tiemann
Cavendish, Vt.

Sir: It is almost as if James C. Jones, Jr., had listened in on some of the conversations I recently had with my son, Cpl. William W. Clark, 79th Engineers Construction Battalion, who after ten months on Eniwetok went into Korea early in December 1950 and came out at the end of November 1951 on rotation. He expressed the same feeling of shame and disgust.

Langdon W. Clark
Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sir: If I were to meet a Korean veteran I would be ashamed to face him—I would have to admit that I, along with every other American from the President down, have double crossed him.

A. G. Gotty
Jamaica, N. Y.

Sir: What a passive bunch of fools this nation has become! We cannot possibly continue in this manner and hope to survive.

H. M. K.
Junction City, Ore.

Sir: My husband is a three times wounded veteran of WW II. When you read things like that Marine wrote it just makes you mad. When I read his article I cried, but the tears weren't just sad ones, they were

mad ones. Why not send the bigwigs to Korea and see how fast they finish it up?

Mrs. Melvin Kifer
Sligo, Pa.

Sir: I think James C. Jones, Jr., will find the rank and file Americans are pretty well fed up with the Korean situation. It isn't our fault that the needed men and arms weren't sent over there. It seems as though the people don't have too much to say about what goes on any more.

Mrs. LeRoy Geyer
Shady Bend, Kan.

THE LADY MISSES THE MARK

Sir: Concerning the story *They'll Never Know* in your January issue, has it occurred to you that one BIG reason for (other magazines) turning down this story could have been its libelous insinuations on the public and private life of Ernie Pyle? The parallel cannot fail to come to anyone's mind. The majority of the public know only the public side of Pyle's life, and knowing nothing of this private life will erringly draw the conclusion that that brave little man was a drunkard and communist.

Mrs. Jerome Levy
Philadelphia

▼ How Mrs. Levy could confuse Maurice Zolotow's fictional Dike Jones with Ernie Pyle is hard to understand. Most GIs knew Ernie for the grand guy he was, and those same fellows know about some of the assorted oafs who ambled around the rear areas trying to act the part of war correspondents.

Editors

UNNECESSARY STUFF

Sir: If you cut the tommyrot about Russia and a lot of other unnecessary stuff then a Texas member will appreciate the *Legion Magazine*. We in Texas know what you are talking about but don't quite get the idea.

Harvey E. Boyd
Sulphur Springs, Texas



HAREM DUTY

Sir: *They Never Had It So Good* in the February issue brings to mind a letter from one of our readers (*Ex-CBI Roundup Magazine*) who claimed his sole duty as a T/Sgt. in India for two years during WW II was "attendant" at a maharajah's luxurious palace grounds, keeping the GI's stationed nearby from entering the ladies' quarters without authority. During his "tour of duty," he lived on the palace grounds, dined frequently with the maharajah and his aides, had full use of the grounds' facilities on his days off. This T/Sgt. complained bitterly when he was finally rotated home to his current job as \$200-a-month laborer.

Clarence R. Gordon
Editor
Denver, Colo.

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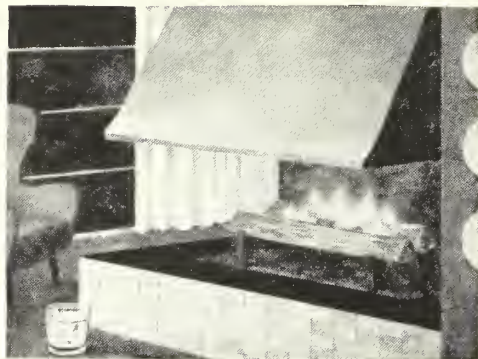
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86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.



THE Editor's Corner

FOR MOVIE LOVERS

Among the *Sound Off!* letters published this month is one from Mississippi which takes us to task for something we said in our February issue. At that time we published excerpts from several letters asking us to print a monthly list of current movies in which reds take part. In response, we said we'd wait and see if the motion picture industry would clean house without further urging. That hasn't satisfied a great many readers who accuse us of backing down. They say there's little chance of Hollywood getting religion so what are we waiting for?

Maybe we're overly optimistic but we still have hopes that the tycoons will wise up, if only because people aren't in a mood to support pro-commies, even if they're great lovers, divine dancers or cute comics. We intend to keep tabs on them but we'll wait awhile longer before taking further steps.

MORE ABOUT MOVIES

We are indebted to a college professor for pointing out something we seldom think about when it comes to movies. That is, the terrible impact they can have abroad, especially with a bit of judicious editing. As recent examples he mentioned such films as "Saturday's Hero," "Born Yesterday," "All the King's Men," and "Death of a Salesman." Maybe it's just another of those strange coincidences, but people with commie or commie front records had something to do with all four films.

ANTI-ANTI-COMMUNISTS

With thousands of American boys dead in Korea, and more than a hundred thousand maimed, you'd think that every American would be sufficiently aware of communism to hate every aspect of it. But the sad fact is that even today a commie or pro-commie is likely to have an easier time of it than the person who makes an honest effort to expose subversives.

Let a person ask any questions, especially if he strikes a sensitive nerve in the commie apparatus, and he soon learns how powerful are the forces arrayed against him. He'll find himself fighting not just reds or pinks, but, quite often, the most substantial people in his community. And as often as not he'll find himself damned in press and pulpit as a dangerous person.

The people who take part in such campaigns are not communists. Usually, with all honesty, they can say, "I hate communism." But the fact remains that someone, somehow, maneuvers them into doing the dirty work of the communist party — destroying the people who are hurting communism.

Why are they so foolish? Quite often it's because they've been sold a bill of goods

that communism isn't really so bad, and not nearly as evil as, say, people who ask questions about reds in strategic places. You can't blame them too much since in many cases they haven't been told the facts, and in other cases they wouldn't understand the facts even if the facts were laid before them. But in still other cases the anti-anti-communists have among them a reprehensible lot of opportunists who find they can garner applause or even financial preferment by playing the left side of the street.

SARAH LAWRENCE

There has been quite a to-do lately in the town of Bronxville, New York, home of Sarah Lawrence College. You may recall that this girls' school was mentioned in the article *Do Colleges Have to Hire Red Professors?* in our November issue. Soon after that article appeared things began to happen. Dr. Harold J. Taylor, president of the institution, requested a meeting with the Commander of the local Legion Post to discuss the "attacks" on Sarah Lawrence. Wanting to know the facts before going to bat for the school, Commander Daniel E. Woodhull asked some questions about certain college people. Taylor said he'd give answers but no answers were forthcoming either to the local Post or to the Westchester County Americanism Committee which also had become interested in the situation.

Instead, statements began pouring from various quarters condemning the Legion. The issue, it seemed, was "academic freedom." A college committee was set up to defend it, and it issued a windy statement which was widely published. Petitions were circulated in the community and signed by some of the best people, including the editor of *Redbook Magazine*, an official of *Time-Life*, an American Broadcasting Company vice president, and various and sundry other vice presidents, etc.

NO CONNECTION

One of the few amusing aspects of this furore concerns a press agent for a Westchester County hotel. This chap, a Legionnaire, busied himself in the Sarah Lawrence ruckus and subsequently joined the parade of statement-givers. In his published statement, the press agent told how he had acted as go-between in negotiations between Post and college, "feeling convinced in my own mind, then as now, that there was no hint of communistic thought at Sarah Lawrence." The source of the trouble, he pointed out, was *The American Legion Magazine*, and the article *Do Colleges Have to Hire Red Professors?*

Getting the impression from this that he was handling publicity for the college, one of our editors wrote to him asking for photos of the campus and certain members of the faculty. Back came this answer by registered mail, return receipt requested:

"I am not now, have never been, and never expect to be employed by Sarah Lawrence College—directly or indirectly—as Public Relations Director or in any other capacity whatever."

Not wishing to injure anyone with guilt by association, as the reds and pinks put it, we are glad to publish this demurrer by Schuyler Patterson.



Advertisement

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Ed Got Red In His Own "Hot Water"

"Big Ed" got started on a "Pay-Your-Bill" campaign last week and ended up with a slightly red face. Ed's been our Water Commissioner for ten years and for ten years now he's been getting riled up over slow payments of the bills.

So, he finally decided to do something drastic about it. Last week he sent out notices that if the slackers didn't pay up by Friday night, he'd shut off their water.

Naturally, some still didn't square accounts. Ed ordered their water turned off, and 14 homes went without all week end—the Commissioner's among them. Seems Ed forgot to pay his bill.

From where I sit, Ed's mistake is one we all make at times. We are too quick to accuse others while forgetting our own faults. Lots of us do it, for instance, over a difference in taste for a soft drink or a friendly glass of beer. Let's respect each other's preferences and we'll all stay out of "hot water."

Joe Marsh

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A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.



Painters will go for a new and highly practical brush called the Kangaroo. As the name implies, it is really two brushes in one. Concealed within the main brush, which is two inches wide, is a smaller brush which can be pushed forward ready for use whenever you want it. The handle of the smaller brush telescopes into the large brush's handle and is held by a set screw. The big advantage is that you have the smaller brush instantly at your fingertips when you have to get into corners and other difficult places, and the paint is already on it. There's a saving represented in the price, \$1.95, which gives you two brushes in one. The manufacturer is Kangaroo Brush Co., 3856 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.

An interesting gadget that combines a tire gauge and a key case has been placed on the market by The Crow's Nest, Dept. Z-44, 475 Fifth Ave., New York City 17. Extremely compact, it holds three keys. The tire gauge works in the usual manner, a little window at one end showing tire pressure. All this is a dollar, postpaid.



Now you can make your own markers for lawn, office, mailbox, etc., with letters, numerals, boards and attachments being offered by Lumo-Name Markers, P.O. Box 1197, Dept. LM51, Texarkana, Texas. The letters and numerals are rust-proof, made of reflector aluminum that makes them visible day or night. Attachments too are rustproof, and backboards are soft wood stained black with all weather pre-

servative. Sold by the piece, the letters (1¼ inches high) are a dime. Periods, commas and dashes are a nickel; brackets are a quarter; and backboards come in two sizes, selling for a half-dollar and a dollar, postpaid.

Housewives will be interested in an attractive line of jackets for potted plants being offered by Anglers Products Co., 45-22 162nd St., Flushing 58, N. Y. Made of Vinylite plastic sheeting embossed with new three-dimensional textures, the jackets fit snugly around 3, 3½, 4 and 4½-inch standard red clay flower pots. Easy to clean and maintain, the jackets range in price from 29¢ to 59¢ depending on size.



Do you have any tables, dressers, chairs or other furniture that have to be propped up with cardboard or miscellaneous? If so, your troubles are over. A newly invented device called Lev-Ler will quickly right the erratic legs of anything in the way of furniture, and keep them plumb even when they are moved to another irregular part of the floor. A set of Lev-Lers consists of four units which are hammered into the legs of a piece of furniture with a tool that is included. Nothing more has to be done. The Lev-Lers adjust automatically to equalize leg contact with the floor, regardless of the irregularities. A complete set, with tool, is yours for \$1.50 postpaid, with a money back guarantee. Address, Lev-Lers, P. O. Box 101, Yonkers, N. Y.

With commercial lead becoming scarcer, fishermen may want to mold their own sinkers. If so, F. E. Anderson, 1005 Thurston St., Manhattan, Kansas, can supply his Amco Molds to make barrel type sinkers with either the center hole or wire loop in sizes ranging from 1/10 ounce to 14 ounces. Made of aluminum, the molds sell for \$2.95.



101 h.p. High-Compression



Full-Circle Visibility



Automatic Ride Control



110 h.p.

High-Compression

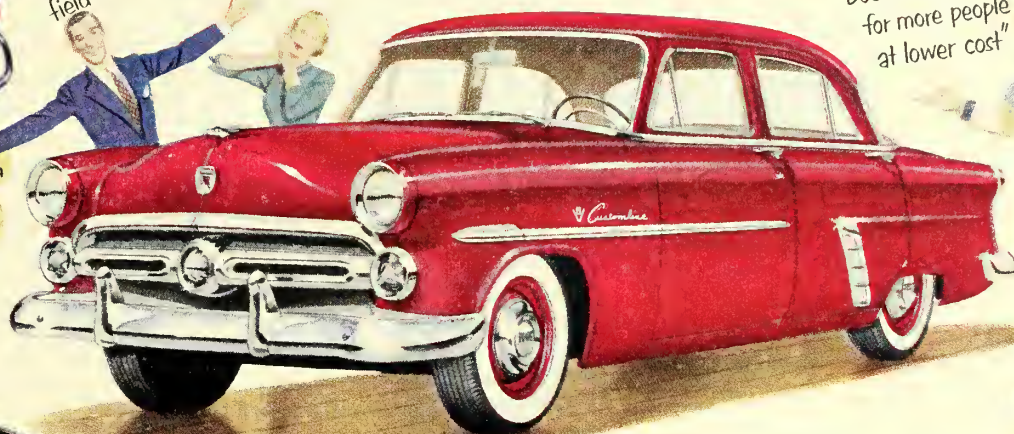
Strato-Star V-8

Mileage Maker Six

"Only V-8 in its field!"

Any way you measure... It's America's Ablest* Car!

"Does more things for more people at lower cost"



New Flight-Style Control Panel



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"Only car in its field with 'Center-fill' fueling"



Exclusive Power Pilot Economy

Measure Ford's performance! Ford's completely new high-compression 101-h.p. Mileage Maker Six with free-turning overhead valves is the most modern Six in the industry... and Ford's high-compression Strato-Star V-8—now stepped up to 110 h.p.—is the only V-8 in its price class. Both of these engines give you the economy of high-compression performance on regular gas!

Measure Ford's size! The big new Ford for '52 brings you greater length and wider front tread... interiors with plenty of room for six... largest luggage compartment in the low-price field.

Measure Ford's ride! Lower center of gravity, new "tailored-to-model" front springs, longer rear springs and diagonally mounted shock absorbers adjust your ride automatically to conditions of load and road. You ride in smooth level comfort always.

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*Meets the widest range of motorists' needs

* And only Ford in the low-price field gives you your choice of all 3 drives: Fordomatic, Overdrive and Conventional.

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Most "GO" in its class! "Test Drive" it today at your Ford Dealers!

Be Happy-GO LUCKY!

In a cigarette, taste
makes the difference —
and Luckies taste better!

The difference between "just smoking" and really *enjoying* your smoke is the *taste* of a cigarette.

You can *taste* the difference in the smoother, mellower, more enjoyable taste of a Lucky . . . and for two important reasons.



First, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco . . . fine, mild tobacco that tastes better. *There's no substitute for fine tobacco, and don't let anybody tell you different.*

Second, Luckies are *made to taste better*. A month-after-month cigarette comparison, measuring those important factors of workmanship that affect the taste of cigarettes, proves *Lucky Strike is the best-made of all five principal brands!*



That's a *fact*—established in The Research Laboratory of The American Tobacco Company—and verified by leading independent laboratory consultants.

So reach for a Lucky. Enjoy the better taste of truly fine tobacco in a great cigarette—Lucky Strike! Be Happy—Go Lucky!

**BUY TAX-FREE LUCKIES FOR
THE BOYS IN THE V. A. HOSPITALS!**

You can send a case of Luckies (500 packs at a little more than 7 cents a pack) to the boys in the V.A. Hospital of your choice, to hospitalized servicemen in service hospitals or to the Armed Forces in Korea. For full details, call your local American Legion Post or write The American Tobacco Company, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.



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Lash got the rifle out of his cabin and whistled for his dog.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

THE BEAR THAT LEARNED FEAR

You can supply your own moral to this thrilling tale of a marauding beast.

By **JIM KJELGAARD**

LASH CLAYTON was intent on catching a big trout. Holding tensely still, only his head and shoulders protruding above some blackberry bushes that grew beside the stream, Lash watched the trout rise and suck in a floating insect.

Lash, who could go into any of the lowland towns and earn more in a month than he now earned in half a year, lived in the mountains because he found in his clearing the freedom and independence which he must have. He knew and understood the things about him, and because of that he knew how to catch the big trout.

Unhurriedly, Lash tied a Black Gnat to the end of his leader. He made ready to cast over the blackberry canes into the current carrying the flies.

At that moment, a horse screamed. Lash, forgetting the trout, leaped the stream and ran toward the barn.

A week ago, being temporarily caught up on everything that needed a horse's strength, he had turned his black horse loose to forage. The black was a big horse, and far from timid. Some terror had driven him from the mountains, where the grass in the narrow valleys was much richer than in the overgrazed pasture.

The horse heard him coming, and ran at once to his side. Wild-eyed, trembling, he crowded so close that he almost knocked Lash off his feet, and the fetid, sweaty smell of him was strong in the man's nostrils.

A long gash trailed from the horse's short ribs almost to his haunch. No wolf or cat strike this. The wound had been inflicted by a bear's swinging paw, and it must be a big and hungry bear that would attack a horse and pursue it to within sight of a barn. Gently Lash patted the trembling horse's neck, and soothed it with words.

"Easy, Major. Take it easy. You're all right now."

When he went toward the barn, the terrified horse swung instantly to follow. He crowded past when Lash opened the door, and entered his stall. Pitching a fork full of hay to the horse, he swung the door shut when he left the barn.

Raiding bears had come before and would come again. But this one should not have come. At this time of the year there was plenty of natural food in the forest. The raider was a rogue, an outlaw.

There was something else, something for which Lash could find no definite

reason. He knew only that he was afraid.

In early spring he had bought a flock of sheep, a ram and eleven ewes, and he had hoped that they would be the nucleus of a profitable venture in wool and mutton. The sheep had been turned loose to graze on the mountain side. Now, knowing the ways of rogue bears, he knew that he would no longer find his flock intact.

Lash whistled shrilly, went into his cabin for a rifle and, coming out, whistled again. Presently his dog came bounding toward him. It was a big dog, part Labrador, part Airedale, and very intelligent.

Lash and the dog crossed the clearing and plunged into hardwoods that covered the mountain. The fear, the coldness went with him but he could not turn back. The horse had come to him for safety and the sheep also were in danger.

They were two-thirds of the way up the mountain before the dog showed any reaction. He ran a little way ahead and stood with one forepaw lifted and his head up, sniffing audibly.

Lash brushed perspiration from his forehead, and knew that he should not be sweating at all. He was assailed by



THE BEAR THAT LEARNED FEAR

The bear was forty yards away. It was a huge and hulking thing, all muscle and fury.

the eerie feeling that, up here, the bear was completely in command of the situation. Even now he might be sitting, watching, and preparing to hunt, the man. To relieve the situation, Lash spoke to the dog,

"Let's go, Patches."

The dog flashed out of sight and now that he was bereft of the dog's company the man's fear mounted. But the sheep were more to him than the money and labor he invested. Because of that, and because he was a man, Lash ran ahead toward the dog's angry barking, instead of back down the mountain.

He burst upon the scene to see the dog standing with feet braced. Snarling, he faced a heavy laurel thicket. Down the slope, eleven frightened sheep huddled stupidly.

Lash saw that the expensive ram was not the one that had been slain. And the bear, he knew, was even now crouching in the laurel thicket over a ewe.

Lash knew exactly what he should do next: Go into the laurel and shoot the bear. It was a very simple thing, but he could not bring himself to go forward because fear was holding him back. Lash walked slowly forward to place himself between the dog and the sheep. His voice was thick.

"Take 'em home, Patches."

The dog looked wonderingly around, then backed up to him. It still faced the thicket, still bristled, for the dog knew where its enemy was. But Lash had ordered otherwise, and a dog must look to a man. Lash waved an arm towards the sheep. The dog turned. Barking, nipping the heels of strays, the dog chivvied the sheep down the mountain.

When they were safely away, Lash backed slowly from the thicket. He was sweating, rigid, and he knew that he was ruled by fear. Only when he had put a hundred yards between himself and the thicket did that fear begin to subside.

A mighty sense of shame overwhelmed him. He stopped, knowing that he should turn around and go back up. He could not. The feeling that the bear was complete ruler of the mountain top sent clammy shivers up and down his spine. He overtook and fell in beside Patches. The sheep, commanded by the dog, trotted placidly ahead.

Lash brooded. His chance had come and gone. The bear was still there, still ruler of the mountain, and the sheep were not safe. Nor was the horse, or

Patches, or anything else about the clearing. The bear would come again.

Soberly Lash locked the eleven sheep in a corral and fed them hay. He spent a restless day. He had been happy here, in his wild isolation, but he was happy no longer. The bear ruled; man did not. By evening, Lash's fear and helplessness had changed to anger.

Leaving ten sheep in the corral, he drove a stake into the ground and tethered a ewe to it. Then he rigged a battery-powered spotlight in the barn, took his rifle in his hands, brought Patches in with him, and waited.

Stars were dim in the sky and no moon shone. A cricket, who lived under a pile of weathered boards, chirped his doleful night song. There were the little sounds made by the hooves of the sheep, and the uneasy stamping of the horse in his stall. Hour melted into hour.

Past midnight the tethered ewe stirred. An uneasy, quavering bleat floated into the barn. The tethered sheep bleated again, and struggled to break its rope. The ewe knew that the bear was coming and that she was helpless before it. Lash put a steady hand on the spotlight's switch and grasped his rifle firmly.

Now, he was calm. His hand did not quiver and the cold fingers that had caressed his spine were no longer there. Presently he knew why.



Up on the mountain the bear was master, and afraid of nothing that came. But this was a man's domain, a fear zone for the bear just as the mountain had been for a man. Doubtless out in the darkness, the bear was experiencing the same sensations which had beset Lash. The memory of that came again to him, and then he knew that he could not do this thing as he had planned to do it.

He rose, leaving the spotlight and carrying only a small flashlight in his hand. Leaving the barn, he walked directly to the tethered ewe. The frightened thing raced towards him to the limit of its tether, then fell as the stretched rope threw her. The ewe got up and shivered. Lash lighted his flashlight.

Out in the darkness, the beam fell like a golden cage over something that might have been another black shadow were it not for the fact that it was so big and so black. Lash snapped the rifle to his shoulder, shot and missed. Almost instantly the bear was gone.

A muffled exclamation of disappoint-

ment escaped Lash, but the calmness remained with him as he returned to the barn and lay down on the hay. Driven away, the bear might come back. But if it did, Patches and the tethered ewe would warn him. Then he would go again into the darkness, for this was a thing which he must face. There would never be any freedom until he had faced it.

Lash awoke in the early dawn, and saw the tethered ewe calmly cropping grass. Lash untied it and put it back into the corral.



Coldness and fear walked with him once more when, after breakfast, he put the dog on a short leash and set him on the bear's track. He followed Patches almost to the top of the mountain before the dog growled warningly.

Lash stood still, and it was as though he had suddenly been stripped of all his clothing. He stood naked and alone except for the dog. Purposely he bit his lip so hard that he could taste blood, and centered all his attention on the dog.

Backed against Lash's legs, Patches bristled. He swung his head to a different quarter and Lash knew the bear was circling trying to find the best quarter from which to launch his attack. Lash tried to straighten his shaking legs.

Patches' growling became a little less certain and Lash knew that the bear was going away. He would come back. Wanting to run but forcing himself not to, Lash moved into a ravine, a deep slash in the mountain's side, for he thought the bear would come up the ravine when he came. Holding the dog very close, he concealed himself in a laurel patch.

Three minutes later, forty yards away, he saw the bear. A huge and hulking thing, all muscle and fury, it had slipped unnoticed into the ravine. Lash knew a momentary wonder that anything so huge could move so quietly. He felt the perspiration on his forehead, as he stood up.

The bear stopped, a monster whose every fiber vibrated with rage. Lash raised his gun and controlled his trembling fingers. This was it, the thing he had come for. He cocked the gun, and the bear rose on its haunches.

It stood still, a thing taller than the man. Lash began to breathe again, and a little exultation mounted within him, for the bear had stopped. His finger tightened on the trigger, and the gun cracked like an exaggerated whiplash. The bullet flicked away a small piece of the bear's right ear. As though he had melted away, the bear was gone.

Lash eased his gun down, knowing that this was best. Nobody killed need-

(Continued on page 49)

ARE WE TRYING TO

The key to Europe's future lies in Germany,
but official bungling is causing Germans to turn away from America.

By **RICHARD S. WEIL**

AMERICA'S VAST investment in Germany is poised today on the brink of the sewer. In many respects, there is more doubt than hope at the moment that Germany, West Germany, will ever be a genuinely effective partner on the side of the world's free nations. Tragic as this truth is, it must be recognized, reluctantly or otherwise, by the people of the United States, who have paid so much, in dollars and in the blood of sons and husbands, for our stake between Rhine and Elbe.

Were we to lose Germany because of some Russian tactics which we were powerless to combat and defeat, it would be appalling, but perhaps understandable. Were we to lose the country because of some immutable animosity of the Germans toward us, it would be appalling, but perhaps understandable. If we are to lose Germany because of the ineptitude of our policy and administration there, then it is appalling and *not* understandable by any known method of rational analysis.

Recently I had occasion to bid goodbye to an American official in Berlin, who was quitting in anger and frustration after more than six years of occupation duty. "I have seen the Morgenthau Plan, which was a terrible mistake," he said. "Still there was a basis for it in the passion of war and the first flush of victory. But today we have no plan at all, and the magnificent foundations which were made are crumbling away. I'm getting out before the roof caves in."

A day-to-day observation of American activities in the former Reich leads to one inescapable conclusion: If we continue in our present direction, we shall be helping Stalin more than we are helping ourselves. A Germany opposed to the West is one of Russia's greatest dreams. If we contribute to the realization of that dream, we shall find Europe as far west as the Channel ruled by Moscow.

There is no suggestion of subversion on the part of America's administrators in Germany, not, that is, in the



John J. McCloy, U. S. High Commissioner for Germany, reports to President Truman. At the right is Secretary of State Dean Acheson.



Benjamin Battenwieser, who recently resigned as Assistant U. S. High Commissioner in Germany.

conventional sense of attachment to an alien ideology. But sometimes it seems as if a new term could be coined: subversion by stupidity.

The situation confronting us does not arise from any defects in the character of the German people. Indeed, at the end of the war, that nation offered the opportunity for perhaps the greatest social experiment, in a conversion to a democratic way of life, that the modern world has ever seen. Even today, nazis are experiencing extreme difficulty in trying to stage a comeback. The Germans, wondrously for a conquered, occupied people, were deeply receptive to all things American. Hitler, who had heaped upon them suffering and ruin, was totally discredited. The survivors of the cataclysm raised their eyes in expectation to the winners.

Today, almost against their will, the Germans are embittered and despairing. It is we who have failed them, rather than the other way around. If we lose Germany, it will be our fault and that of no one else.

There is no support for any theory that the Germans are innately militaristic or incorrigibly disposed toward totalitarianism. Far from their being eager to don jack-boots and shoulder a gun, it would be one of our most

difficult tasks to persuade them to join an army, their own or a West European one. And just about as many spectators turn out to watch a military parade on the Bismarckstrasse as line Fifth Avenue for a similar function.

Again, the dire would-be nazi leaders, grasping for the fuhrer's mantle, have been rejected consistently by the voters; in all elections in which they have participated, they have polled a meager three to eight percent. If there is any growing sentiment for these extremists, it comes from a yearning for some kind of leadership, a leadership once sought, but not found, in us. Ironically, if Germany should once again embrace a new dictator, it might well be because we had failed to provide a proper alternative.

And it must be said that these things have come to pass only within the last two and a half years, since the change-over to the American High Commission.

Policies and politics are not abstract things; they are, in their inception and their execution, human beings of flesh and blood. In West Germany they are primarily the men of the American High Commission, headed by attorney and ex-World Bank President John J. McCloy, whose deputy, until a short time ago, was Benjamin J. Battenwieser.

LOSE GERMANY?



Squatters in the U. S. Zone scavenge through a garbage dump for stray bits of food and clothing. Conditions are even worse in the Soviet Zone, as proved by the many who risk death to escape.

Why did American officials treat the notorious communist kidnapper, Dr. Hans Kemritz, with such deference?

It was at Buttenwieser's New York home, incidentally, that Alger Hiss stayed while appealing his conviction for having lied about treason against America. It is McCloy and Co. who today must bear the responsibility for America's success, or lack of it, in Germany. If we are losing that country, they cannot dissociate themselves from this fact, its implications and its consequences.



From *Der Spiegel*

This writer admits a profound admiration and respect for the former Military Governor, Gen. Lucius D. Clay, whose energy, integrity and sense



Our authorities overlook such police brutality as this beating administered to an American photographer.

of honor enabled him to serve his country better perhaps than any other representative abroad in recent times. This writer remembers Clay as the brilliant originator of the Airlift, which saved

the people of Berlin—and America's face. This writer also remembers the first diplomatic reception which the new High Commissioner attended: with suit unpressed, noticeably in need of a haircut and shave.

I remember the people of Berlin lining the streets of the city, shouting and crying, and thanking God with folded hands as Clay returned to dedicate the Freedom Bell. It was a spontaneous blood-tingling ovation, greater possibly than any ever accorded to any non-German in the country before. I know too the silent passage of McCloy through the city, the despondency and disinterest of people who, as Lord Mayor Reuter declared recently, desperately need a new source of inspiration.

One of the first things McCloy did when taking command in the summer of 1949 was to alienate all of the trained and capable advisers who had so ex-

(Continued on page 50)

BASEBALL... THEN and NOW

Large bonuses, night games and farm systems are the rule in baseball today. The old-timers say it was a better game in the good old days.

By ED FITZGERALD



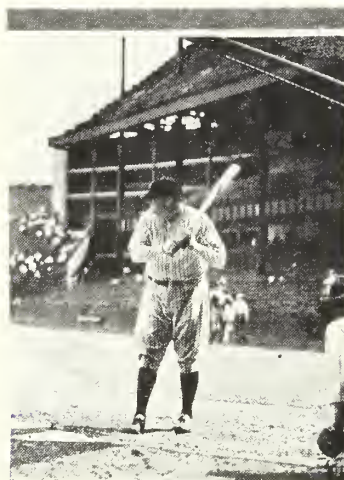
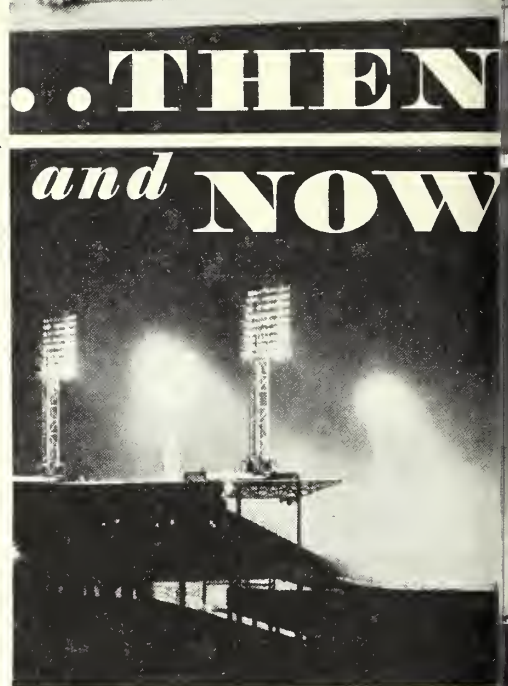
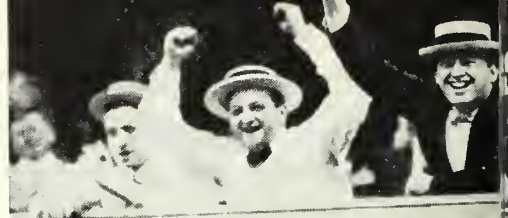
CONNIE MACK
He's seen baseball grow from the sand-lots to a big business.

the more stable game of baseball like to point to their sport as a model of dependability.

Their pride in the strength of baseball's traditions is understandable but exaggerated. Three strikes and you're still out at the old ball game, but a lot of other things have changed since Connie Mack was a young catcher for the East Brookfields in his Massachusetts home town. You no longer have the privilege of requesting either a high or low ball from the pitcher and you're no longer out if the infielder catches your grounder on the first hop. Furthermore, you can't soak the ball with a healthy helping of tobacco juice in order to coax your pitches into a series of unpredictable gyrations; spit-ball has become a horrid word.

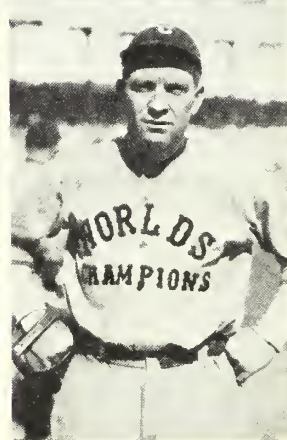
But those are only technical variations. Baseball has undergone many more fundamental changes through the years. For instance, it is now far and away the richest, the most "big business" of all professional sports, and its star players are rewarded with dazzling pay checks. It's hard to realize, as you read of contracts ranging all the way up to \$125,000 for a season's play, that the total payroll for America's first professional baseball club was a mere

\$9,500—providing for the services of ten men! George Wright, the shortstop, was the highest salaried man on the club, drawing down a whopping \$1,400 for the season. No fewer than six of the players got only \$800 for the year.



BABE RUTH

Possibly the greatest outfielder of all time, each man was outstanding.



TRIS SPEAKER

They were so good that even today fans and sportswriters choose them for All-Star teams.



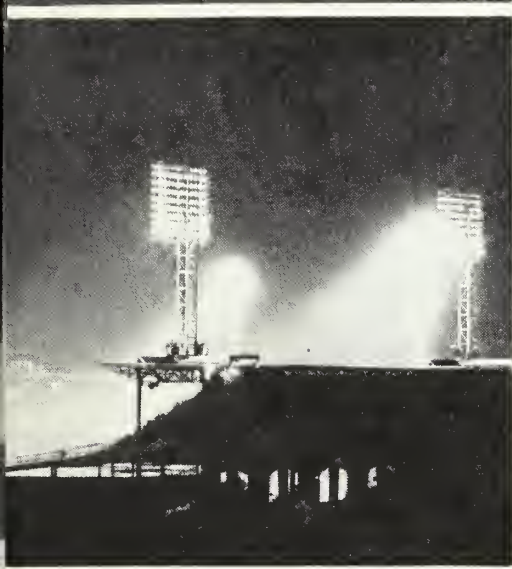
TY COBB

Baseball salaries rose steadily as the game increased in popularity, and, of course, they zoomed to new heights when Babe Ruth caught the imagination of the whole country. The Babe did every ballplayer of the future a big favor when, before the start of the 1930 season, he held out for a two-year contract at \$80,000 per. Even some of his sportswriting pals were shocked by Ruth's astronomical demand. "There's a depression on, Babe," they warned him. "And what you're asking for is

more money than Hoover gets for being President."

"What's that got to do with it?" Ruth asked angrily. "Besides," he said as an afterthought, "I had a better year than he did, anyway."

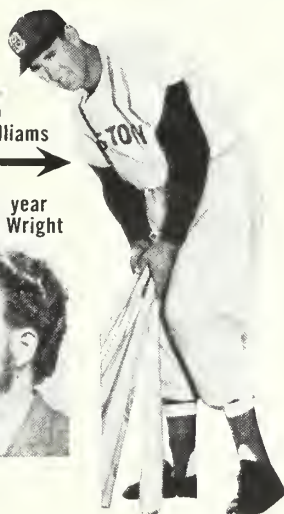
As the pay scale went up, the game inevitably became more scientific, as befits a multi-million-dollar operation. Haphazard methods—and erratic people—were frowned upon. It isn't likely, for example, that any major league club would hire a manager today capable of



PHOTOS BY CULVER

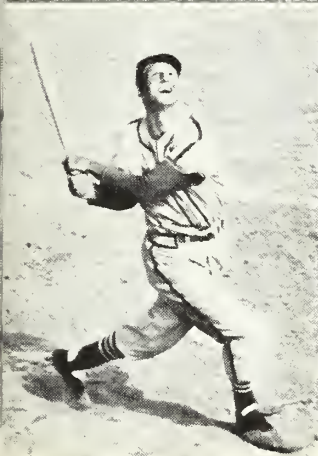
\$100,000
A year to
Ted Williams

\$1500 a year
to George Wright



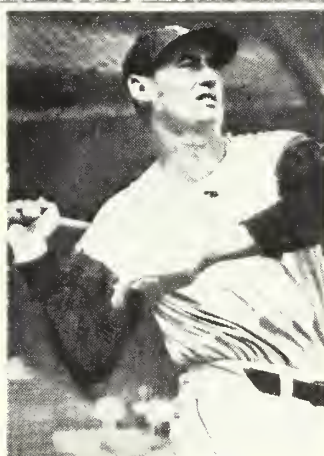
doing what Brooklyn's beloved Wilbert Robinson did before a National League game in the '30's. "We'll put that rookie Oscar Roettger on first today," Uncle Robbie told a reporter before the game. "Roettger?" the reporter frowned. "Let's see. How do you spell his name?" Robbie winced. He tried a few times, stumbled unhappily, then gave it up. "The hell with it," he said. "We'll put Cox back on the bag." He did, too.

NO GREAT OUTFIELDS WOULD YOU SELECT?



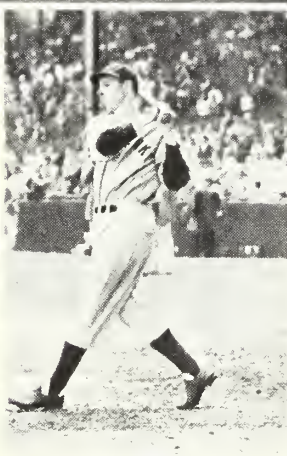
STAN MUSIAL

There isn't much argument that these three are the best of the modern era. Yet despite



TED WILLIAMS

the rabbit ball and shorter fences most of the records of the '20's still stand.



JOE DiMAGGIO

Every era has its eccentrics. An early one was Rube Waddell.

Yogi Berra is today's clown, but also an outstanding catcher and recipient of 1951's Most Valuable Player award.



Fortunately for baseball, the game isn't likely ever to become so business-like that it will have no room for the fierce individualist. Whether his name be Rube Waddell or Dizzy Dean or Yogi Berra, the "character" helps make the game what it is. It will never matter to him whether the manager is a fist-fighting Frank Chance, a professorial Eddie Sawyer or a rowdy Leo Durocher. He'll be himself regardless. Just as Dizzy Dean was being completely himself when, before a 1934 game with the Dodgers, he got into an argument with Frankie Frisch, the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals' riotous Gas House Gang. Frisch had insisted on going over the entire Brooklyn batting order with Dean, and Dizzy was bored stiff. Every time the old Flash told Diz how he ought to pitch to one of the Dodger hitters, Dean disagreed. Finally, he blew up. "Listen, Frank," he said disgustedly. "This is plain silly. Here I win twenty-six games already this season and it don't seem right for an infielder like you to be tellin' a star like me how to pitch."

The Dodgers of the same era had one of baseball's all-time characters in outfielder Babe Herman, a powerful hitter but one of the world's worst fielders—and no prize as a base-runner, either. It was Herman who, by his celebrated feat of doubling into a double play, provoked one of the best Dodger stories of them all, the one about the cab driver who was passing Ebbets Field one day and yelled up to somebody in the rear of the grandstand: "Hey, what's the score?"

"Philadelphia's leading, 2-1," called down the obliging fan, "but we got two men on base!"

The cabbie, remembering the foolhardy way Herman and his cohorts ran the bases, shouted right back. "Which base?"

Probably the best story about Herman's fielding is the one Tom Meany tells about his attempt to get Babe's own opinion of the matter. The veteran sportswriter asked Babe if it were true that he had been hit on the head several times while trying to catch fly balls. "I'm gettin' sick of hearin' that one," Herman said indignantly. "I'll tell you, if I ever get hit on the head by a fly ball, I'll quit this game."

"What if you get hit on the shoulder?" Meany persisted mischievously.

Herman drew his ever-present cigar out of his mouth and thought that one over. "Hell, no," he said seriously. "On the shoulder don't count."

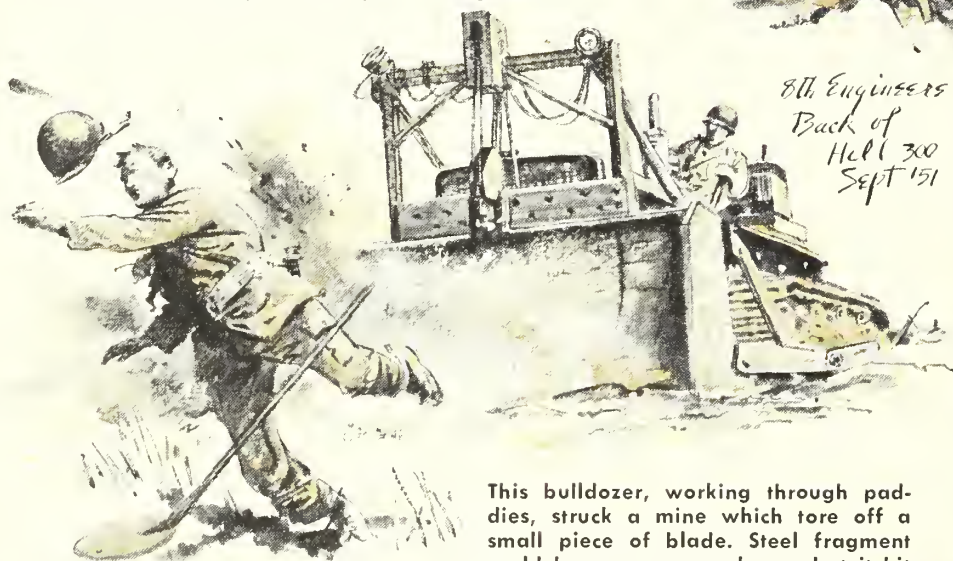
Actually, although we still have Yogi Berra and a few others like him, baseball has pushed its literacy rate 'way up. Almost all ballplayers now come into the game with at least a high school education, and lots of the boys are col-

(Continued on page 56)

Loose Company
on Hill 717
Korea, July '51



Assaulting hilltops in Korea involved roughest hand-to-hand fighting in my experience. Chinese habitually threw grenades in dozen lots which looked like clouds of startled blackbirds. Sketch here shows 7th Regiment troops attacking hill 717.

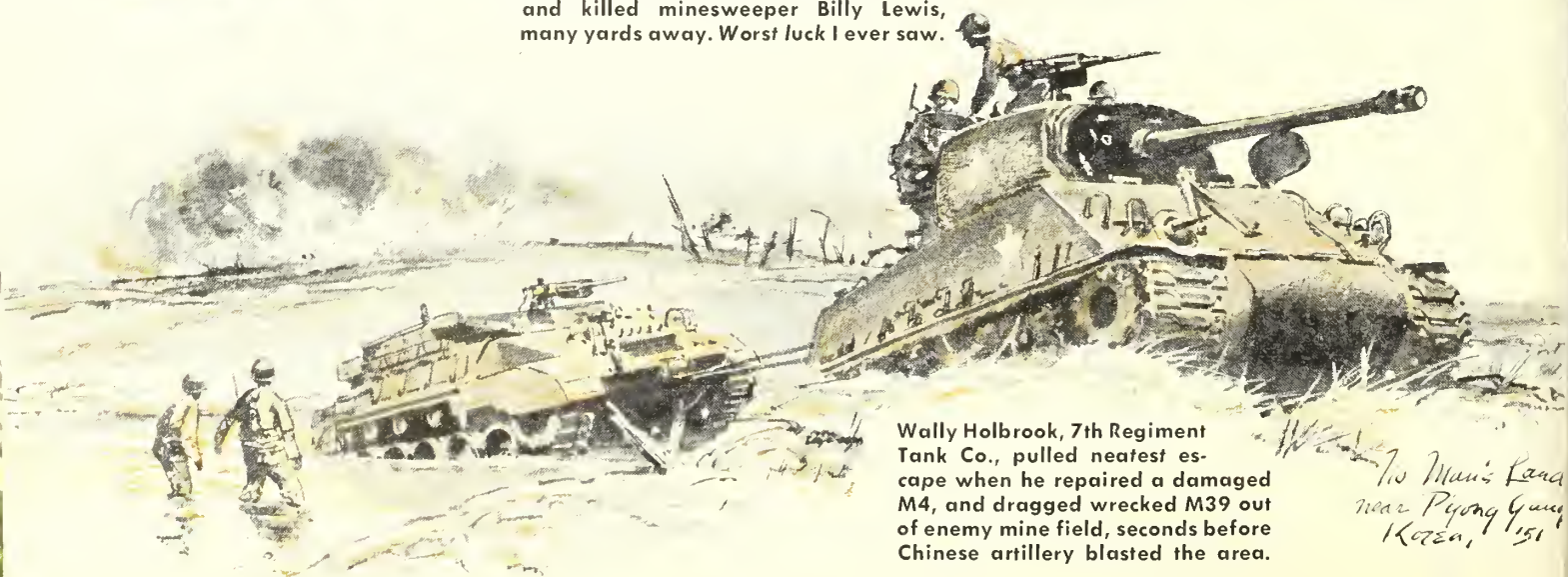


8th Engineers
Back of
Hill 300
Sept '51

This bulldozer, working through paddies, struck a mine which tore off a small piece of blade. Steel fragment could have gone anywhere—but it hit and killed minesweeper Billy Lewis, many yards away. Worst luck I ever saw.

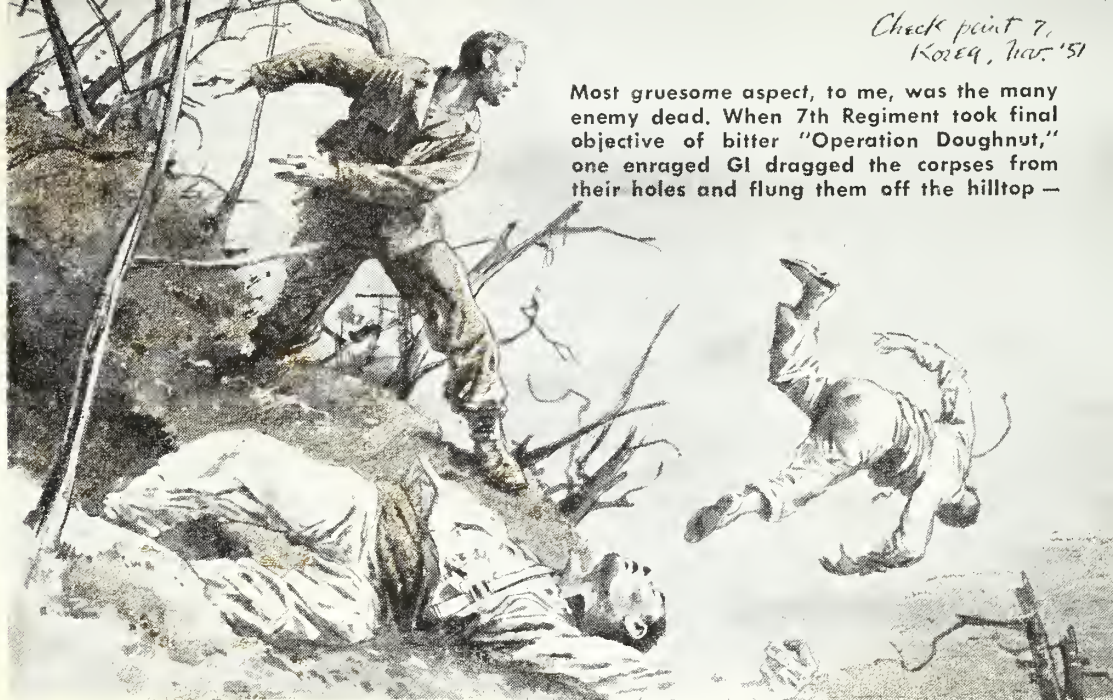


Innocent victims are always the most touching. This mother holds child killed by ammo truck.



Wally Holbrook, 7th Regiment Tank Co., pulled nearest escape when he repaired a damaged M4, and dragged wrecked M39 out of enemy mine field, seconds before Chinese artillery blasted the area.

No Man's Land
near Pyongyang
Korea, '51



*Check point 7,
Korea, July '51*

Most gruesome aspect, to me, was the many enemy dead. When 7th Regiment took final objective of bitter "Operation Doughnut," one enraged GI dragged the corpses from their holes and flung them off the hilltop —

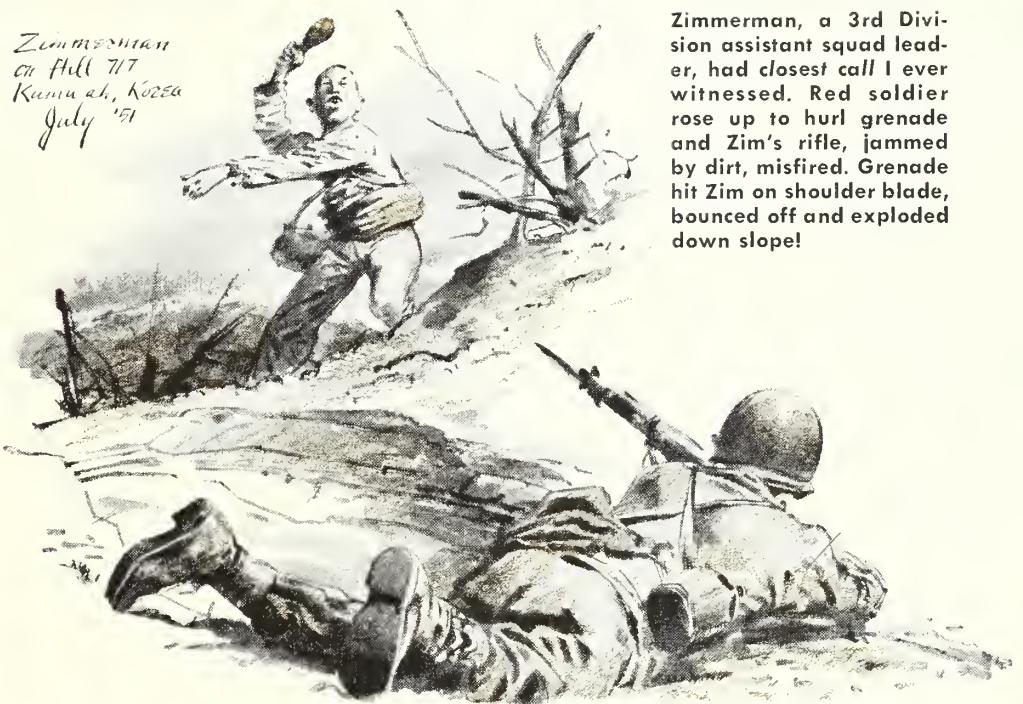
THIS I SAW

By HAMILTON GREENE

JUST BACK from Korea, after half a year in those god-awful hills, I can thumb through my sketches and find certain ones that seem to phrase themselves in superlatives. There will be a most this — or a worst that. Sketch books are like that.

I offer here a spread of pictures built around some of these standouts. They represent, I am sure, those pictures which will stick in my visual memory for the greatest length of time. I thought and felt a great deal in Korea, but this — I saw.

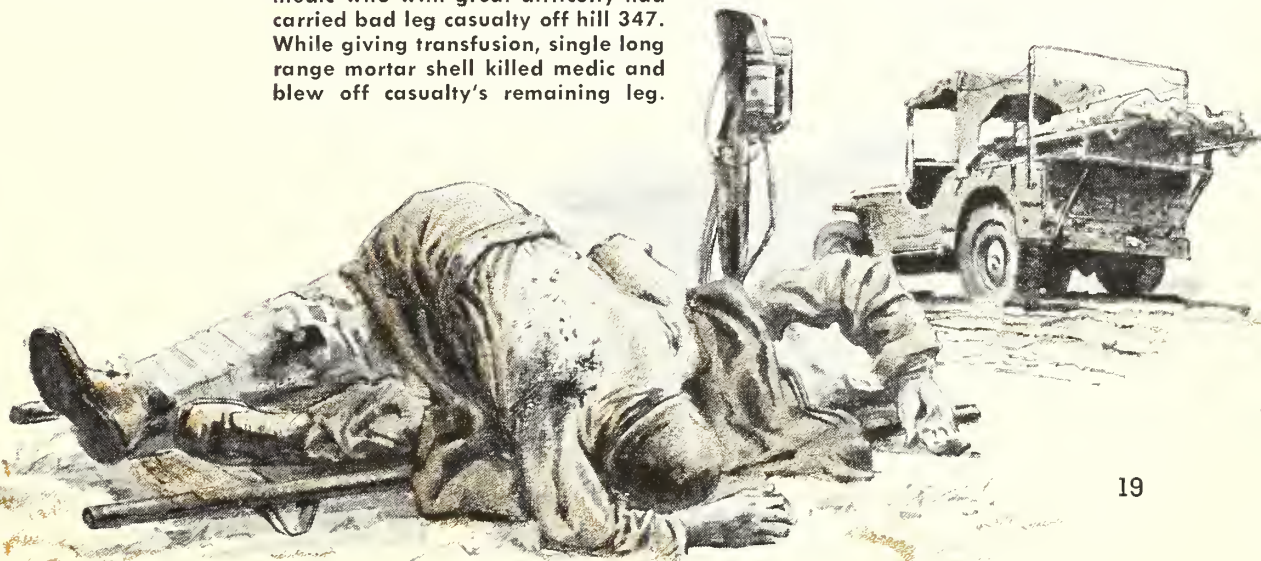
*Zimmerman
on Hill 717
Kumuh, Korea
July '51*

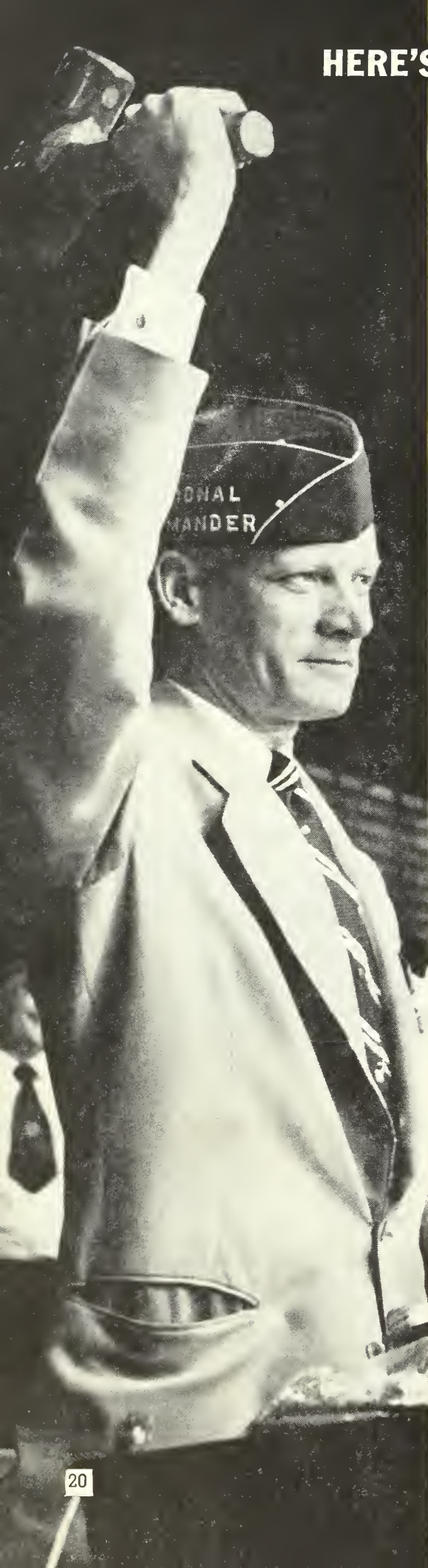


Zimmerman, a 3rd Division assistant squad leader, had closest call I ever witnessed. Red soldier rose up to hurl grenade and Zim's rifle, jammed by dirt, misfired. Grenade hit Zim on shoulder blade, bounced off and exploded down slope!

Most bitterly tragic was death of medic who with great difficulty had carried bad leg casualty off hill 347. While giving transfusion, single long range mortar shell killed medic and blew off casualty's remaining leg.

*Seventh Cav
Sector —
Behind Hill 347
SW of Chorwon
Korea, '51*





HERE'S THE STORY OF DONALD R. WILSON...

THE LEGION'S NEW COMMANDER

**THE 34-YEAR-OLD ATTORNEY FROM
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, IS AN ENEMY
OF CONFUSION AND A STICKLER FOR PRINCIPLES**

By R. B. PITKIN

THE ELECTION of a new National Commander of The American Legion at Dinner Key Auditorium in Miami, Florida last October wasn't very exciting.

On the roll call for nominations for the office of National Commander, Alabama yielded to West Virginia. West Virginia nominated Donald R. Wilson, of Clarksburg, West Virginia. The roll call continued and every single delegation seconded the nomination of Wilson.

That was that, and no final roll call for votes was necessary.

Don Wilson's place on the national Legion scene dates back to May, of 1949, when National Commander Perry Brown invited a number of able WWII veterans to speak at the National Commander's dinner, held in conjunction with the meetings of the National Executive Committee in Indianapolis. Don Wilson, who was then Department Commander of West Virginia at the age of 32, was one of the least known, nationally, of the younger speakers on the program of this affair, and he was the last to speak.

Many of those present from distant states had heard West Virginians speak so highly of Don that they were ready for anything, but when Wilson was introduced they were more pleased than impressed at first sight of him. They were surprised to see a not-quite-slight young man of medium build and erect stature, neatly tailored and youthful in appearance, with cleanly chiseled features and hair so blond as to be nearly snow white.

Not a few would have been less astonished to have seen an all-powerful, raging orator of the old school, with the chin of a bulldog, the chest of a bull and the mane of a lion. But even the strongest points of Wilson's appearance—a level gaze and a firm mouth—were tempered by a repressed smile and a subdued twinkle in his eyes.

When Wilson began to talk, he undertook to fill in the empty spots of the speeches of those who had preceded him on the

platform. He extemporized a quiet talk on the relation of Legion policies to national and international affairs, going all the way back to the beginnings of the Legion. On this foundation the unassuming young man who had been a Legionnaire for just three and a half years outlined a logical course for the future.

Judging from the later remarks of those who were present, Wilson put many a 30-year Legionnaire to shame with his total grasp of the picture he portrayed—and made them like it. His talk may have been as quiet as his appearance and his manner, but it brought down the house with its content.

"I hardly knew Don from Adam that night," says Maurice Stember, long-time Adjutant of the Department of New York. "But when he was through talking I agreed with everybody from West Virginia who said Don was destined to be the second National Commander from that state."

A Past National Commander who was present says: "After that it was only a matter of time. We were looking for War II leadership, and if you believed in the Legion you had to be for Don. He gave us the best outline of the position of the Legion in America we had ever heard, and his whole talk was cued to what had just been said on the same platform, so we knew he was thinking on his feet.

In the field of public affairs, Wilson is as much of a contradiction of the usual idea of a successful vote-getter as it is possible to conceive. With no visible "push" about him, he began to attract attention from the moment he sought out the Adjutant of Roy E. Parrish Post, in Clarksburg, West Virginia and asked to join the Legion. That was in November of 1945, and Wilson was fresh out of the Army at the age of 28.

His only previous experience with the Legion had been as a member of a Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Parrish Post when Don was in the seventh grade. Now he brought to the Post a deadly seriousness about the things that are written on paper to which the Legion is dedicated. Wilson was busy starting a home, and establishing a career in the practice of law. He had gone into the Army a week after graduating from the University of Virginia's law school in 1942.

A month after joining Parrish Post, Wilson served notice that he had joined the Legion to be a Legionnaire. At a Post meeting he asked for some work to do. He got work, did it, and came back for more. The members of the Post were delighted with him, and noted that he spoke well and thought clearly. In June of 1946 they sent him, as a delegate, to the convention of the Third Legion District of West Virginia at The State 4-H Camp at Jackson's Mill.

The West Virginia Legion Boys State was in progress there, and somebody who knew that Don was a pretty good talker asked him if he'd care to say a few words. Few War II veterans knew much about the Legion's programs at that early date, but the delegate from Parrish Post quietly summed up the why's and wherefore's of Boys State, outlined the idea behind it, said he believed in it, thought it was too small and suggested some ways to make it bigger. To the young men who were the Legion's guests he outlined some principles of government. Dr. P. E. Kercheval, West Virginia's long-time Legion National Executive Committeeman, was present and he whistled between his teeth at the effect of Wilson's words on his listeners, and at the intense

sincerity and clarity of Wilson's beliefs. "I'd never seen Don before," says Kercheval today. "But I knew on the spot that we had ourselves a man."

The delegates to the District convention felt the same way. They sent Wilson home with the office of District Vice-Commander. This honor pleased and embarrassed Parrish Post, for — not having been a member at the previous Post elections — their District Vice-Commander held no office in the Post. This was remedied by naming Wilson Post Commander at the summer elections. The District topped that the next year by naming Wilson District Commander in 1947, and at the state convention in 1948 Don was elected Commander of the Department of West Virginia. In a little over two and a half years he had held Commandership at every level of the Legion organization in the state, or par for the course.

West Virginia Legionnaires say they practically pushed leadership on Wilson for a number of homely reasons. He would take responsibility. Having taken it he would give it everything he had. He had a nimble mind, and an intense personal sincerity. He had an astute political sense. He was trained in human affairs. He wouldn't compromise a principle. He made a fetish of informing himself. He was the best off-the-cuff speaker in sight.

"Don't get the idea these are all virtues," says one of his home-state supporters, "although they'll do until something better comes along. Don wouldn't push himself like we thought he should, so we'd push him. Then about the time you'd made him the boss, he'd turn around and ask you to do your job so all-fired perfect you'd wonder if the guy was human. He makes you squirm sometimes. He

wants everything done a little bit better than right, and he works so hard at it himself you don't have the nerve to offer an excuse."

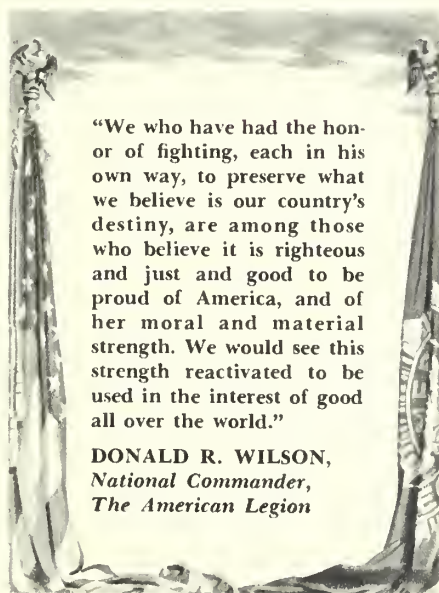
When business is not pressing, Wilson's essential seriousness evaporates. He has a quiet sense of humor, and likes conversation with a pleasant edge of banter. He claims a discouraging weakness for golf. While consuming great volumes of coffee he will defend his reputation for being the worst slicer in golfdom, using every art known to an aggressive trial lawyer. Because there are few better debaters than Wilson, men with far worse slices have come away convinced that, compared to Don, they were professional golfers.

His fondness for debate goes back to his childhood. His earliest ambition was to be a lawyer, and he took up debating and public speaking at fourteen, when he was a freshman in Washington Irving High School, in Clarksburg. He approached debating with the instincts of a football player, seeing it as a delightful sort of subtle combat in which the argument and the opponent were to be exploited with finesse, with the object of winning.

Although his high school debates didn't go down in history, the evidence suggests that he had the personality and the astuteness to do a pretty good job. He was a good student, a member of the school honor society — and was so popular that he was president of his class in both his junior and senior years.

Graduating from high school in 1935, Wilson entered Princeton with the class of 1939, and took a pre-law course.

(Continued on page 54)





THEY DARE TO

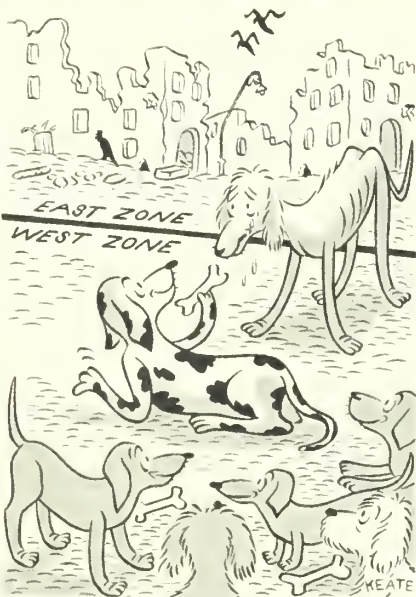
Wilhelm Pieck, East Germany's puppet president, was conducting a visitor through his executive offices. "What kind of a telephone is that?" asked the visitor, examining

the instrument on Pieck's desk. "It's got an earphone all right, but no mouthpiece."

"Oh, that," said Pieck. "That's my direct line to Moscow."

By **JOHN KORD
LAGEMANN**

PRIME GAGS IMPORTED FROM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.



A forlorn, hungry-looking East Zone dog wandered across the Potsdam Platz into the West Zone sector of Berlin and met a dog chewing on a bone.

"You look like you could stand something to eat," offered the West Zone dog. "Want to finish my bone?" The East Zone dog said no, thanks, he'd lost his appetite for food.

"Say, there are an awful lot of nice dogs over here," the West Zone dog suggested. "How about letting me introduce you around?" The Soviet Zone dog shook his head sadly. He just wasn't in the mood to meet new dogs.

"Too bad," said the West Zone dog. "Isn't there anything that would make you feel better?"

"Yes," said the East Zone dog. "If I could just bark."



Two East Zone officials were discussing the changes which Communism would bring to the European way of life.

"Take Christmas, for instance," said one. "Before long people will get used to celebrating not on the 24th but on the 21st of December — Stalin's birthday."

"Maybe," said the other. "But how are we going to get them used to a Santa Claus who doesn't give presents but comes around to collect them."



At a meeting of party delegates from the satellite countries a Soviet official explained the aims of the new five-year-plans. "After the first plan is fulfilled, each party official will be given a bicycle," said the Russian. "When the second is completed, each official will be given a car. And after the third, each of you will have an airplane."

Everybody seemed impressed except the delegate from Czechoslovakia. "But what would I do with an airplane?" he asked.

"Now, look," explained the Russian. "Suppose in 10 or 15 years shoes were available in, say Vladivostok. You fly there in your plane — and you'll be one of the first in line for the shoes."

LAUGH AT STALIN

No telling how many unfortunates have been shipped to Siberia for telling or laughing at these jokes.

YOUR first impression when you cross from West Berlin to the Russian sector is that people who live behind this fringe of the Iron Curtain have forgotten how to laugh. But if you stay awhile and keep your ears open you soon discover they have learned how to laugh in whispers. The jokes they tell are called "fluster witze" or "whisper jokes"—the same kind of stories that are told with a straight face in all the Satellite countries and in the Soviet Union itself.

Here as I heard them during a recent visit to Berlin, are some of the whisper jokes which may give you a fresh slant on how it feels to take orders from Stalin. The humor is sometimes grim, sometimes bitter. But as a propaganda weapon it's all the more deadly because the Russians can't laugh back.



Day after day from early morning till dusk a tall, gaunt man in ragged clothes stood on the quay at Rostock harbor and peered out to sea. Naturally this aroused the suspicions of the Soviet harbor commander, who came in person to find out why the man stood there.

"I am looking for the grain ships coming in from the Soviet Union," the man explained.

"You idiot," the harbor commander told him. "Don't stand here watching the harbor. The place to look for the grain ships is in the newspapers."

When a mummified body was recently dug up in Hungary, a leading Russian anthropologist was sent all the way from Moscow to establish it as the remains of the fabulous conqueror Kubla Khan. "This discovery," he was told, "will increase the prestige of Soviet Science throughout the world."

The most painstaking examination of the bones failed to reveal any evidence of their identity. The tone of Moscow's inquiries became more and more impatient, and finally the scientist was given just one more day to come up with the answer. A scientist from any other country would have admitted defeat, but years of experience with Communist dialectics made the Soviet scientist equal to the occasion.

"IDENTITY KUBLA KHAN POSITIVELY CONFIRMED," he telegraphed back to Moscow. "THE MUMMY HAS CONFESSED."



It was story telling time in an East Berlin school and one of the little girls told about an event that had happened the night before.

"Our cat had ten kittens," she said, "and they are all good Communists."

The teacher was charmed and asked the girl to be sure to tell the same story when the school inspector came around. A few days later the inspector appeared and the girl was called upon to repeat her story.

"Our cat had ten kittens," she said, "and they are all good Western Democrats."

The teacher was very upset. "But last week you said the kittens were all good Communists."

"That's right," said the girl. "But this week they opened their eyes." (Continued on page 49)

INSIDE THIS KITCHEN A KILLER

By EDWARD R. VINSON

JANUARY 9, 1950 was a cold, foggy day in McKinney. The streets of the little North Texas town were still rutted with snow and slush from a near blizzard that had swept down from the Panhandle on the day after New Year's. Rows of hackberry trees that protected the sidewalks from blistering heat in the summertime were grim and barren. Like the people who walked beneath their branches, the stalwart sentinels looked depressed, and anxious for something to happen.

At the stroke of three, the doors to the red brick school building burst open. Boys and girls, covered with raincoats, slickers and umbrellas, poured down the steps and trickled away into the folds of the fog. Seconds later, Oreta Sweeney, a trim, blue-eyed young school teacher, left her class room and hurriedly climbed into another teacher's automobile.

Stepping out in front of her home, Oreta spied a strange car in the driveway, behind her own. It was a late model Pontiac sedan, but so covered with mud and sand that it was hard to tell where the windows stopped and the steel frames began. She looked closely at the license plate. It was from Oklahoma. A lump formed in her throat. Ed, her two-hundred-pound husband, had been sick when he left for Ardmore that morning. She had tried to persuade him to postpone his trip, but there were some drillers he had to see in the oil fields that day. *He must have suffered a bad attack*, she thought, *and one of his men has brought him home.*

Mrs. Sweeney scurried up to the back door; removed a key from her brown leather purse and prepared to unlock the door — when she realized that it was already unlocked. She opened it quickly — and came face to face with a burly, black haired man, standing in his stocking feet. He wore blue jeans, and two shirts, gray over maroon, both of them open at the collar. He held a pair of cowboy boots in his hands.

"Where's Ed?" she asked in a voice that was ready to break.

"I beg your pardon," the stranger said.

"Where's Ed? Didn't you bring him home?"

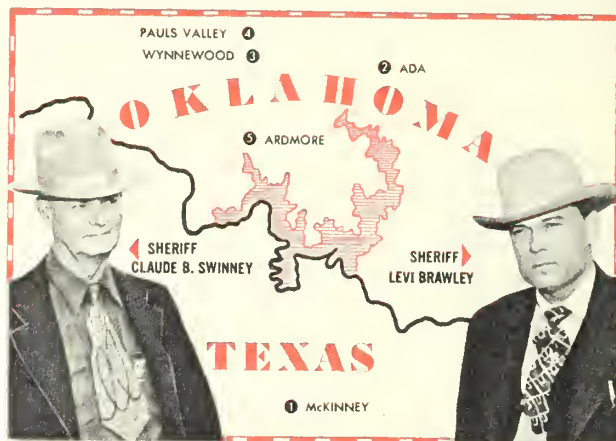
"No," he said pleasantly. "I saw him this morning, though, and he promised to meet me here this evenin' to pay me some money he owes me. What time you lookin' fer him?"

"I'm not — until tomorrow night."

The stranger looked down and realized that he was still holding boots in his hands. "Oh, yes, I meant to apologize for comin' in when nobody was home. The front door was unlocked, and it was so cold outside, I knew you wouldn't min'."

Mrs. Sweeney walked into the adjoining bedroom and deposited her coat. Turning around, she found herself facing a pretty, brown-eyed girl. She wore blue jeans too, and a red plaid shirt that was obviously brand new. Her auburn hair was parted in the middle and fell loosely upon a pair of strong shoulders.

"This is my wife Mildred," said the dark haired man. He snapped his fingers. "That's right, my name. I forgot to intro-



Oklahoma and Texas provided the setting for this drama. The murder was committed at Wynnewood, bringing Sheriff Swinney into the case. Brawley made the arrest.



When Ed Sweeney bought this paper at Ada, Oklahoma, he had no idea that his home had already been taken over by the killer whose picture appeared on page one.

duce m'self. I'm Elmer Lee Haggard. I'm sure you've heard Ed speak o' me. I worked fer him as a welder up until 'bout two months ago. He's a fine man, Ed is, but he works too hard fer his own good."

"How do you do, Mrs. Haggard. I didn't see you when I came in."

"No, ma'am, I was in the bathroom brushin' my hair. Hope you didn' min'. I was moppin' up the floor, too. You see Elmer Lee's boots wuz awful messy when

HAD COME TO CALL

A true story about a killer who paid a strange visit to a Texas housewife.



Mrs. Sweeney walked into her bedroom and picked up the telephone.

we came and we had to wash 'em off. It got things sort of messed up."

"I still don't see how you entered the house," said the comely schoolteacher, looking over her guests with an educated eye. "I always lock the doors when I leave."

Mr. Haggard looked his hostess straight in the eye and smiled understandingly. "It was unlocked all right, Mrs. Sweeney; still, I'd never have come on in 'less Mildred hadn't been feelin' bad. She's six months pregnant and we have to be careful."

The red headed girl winked at Mrs. Sweeney.

"Oh, well, in that case, let's go in the kitchen. It's nice

and warm in there." Mrs. Sweeney seated the friendly couple around the table and brewed a pot of coffee. When they were served, she told them she would have to leave for a while. "I'm taking an extension course at the schoolhouse," she said, "and it lasts two hours."

Mr. Haggard came to his feet instantly. "Well, in that case, let me get my car out of the driveway fer you."

"That won't be necessary. Another teacher is picking me up."

"It would be no trouble at all," he urged. "I could back mine out and when you leave, I'd run my car into the garage and get it out of your way."

"No, you can leave your car right where it is. My friend will be by for me any minute now."

"Well, before you leave," said Mr. Haggard, "I wish you would put in a call fer Ed. I need that money somethin' awful and I'd like to make sure he's goin' to meet me here like he said."

Mrs. Sweeney walked into the bedroom and picked up the telephone. Her gray-shirted guest followed, and stood in the doorway. She asked the long distance operator to get T. E. Jones' residence in Ardmore. If Ed were in that vicinity she knew he would most likely go there for a visit. When the connection was made, she asked Mr. Jones about her husband. She listened for a moment.

"He hasn't seen Ed all day," Mrs. Sweeney said.

"Then ask him to call you as soon as he comes by. But," he raised a cautious finger, "don't tell Mr. Jones who's here."

The teacher did as she was instructed, and in a few minutes left for the schoolhouse. "I'll be back about seven," she said. "Just make yourselves at home."

Mrs. Sweeney sat through the extension class without too much difficulty, although her mind wandered from the subject several times. The Haggards seemed to be a very nice couple, she thought, and it was good that Mrs. Haggard was going to have a baby. She didn't think of them again until the class was over. She called her mother on the telephone and in the course of the conversation mentioned her guests.

"Would you like for your sister and me to come over and stay with you until they leave?" the mother asked.

"No-o, he's just a welder who used to work for Ed. They'll be gone soon. Be-

sides, Ed's probably already back by this time."

It was seven o'clock and pitch dark when Mrs. Sweeney returned to her home. Fog that was gray in the afternoon had now turned into a thick canopy of black wool that completely obscured the white, clapboard house, except for a small circle of light on the front porch. The only sound came from a switch engine, pushing some cars around on the east side of town.

Mrs. Sweeney found the couple sitting where she had left them, drinking coffee at the kitchen table. For the first time she noticed specks of mud on the man's outer shirt, and a drop of dried blood on the bridge of his nose.

(Continued on page 44)

HOW TO PROTECT

How to keep your pet from joining those that are lost, strayed or stolen, and what to do in case he does get away from you.

By **GEORGE F. BURTON**

IT PROBABLY isn't unusual for the average dog owner to walk into a pet shop, plunk down \$2.00 for a collar, \$10.00 for a fancy silver-plated tag, and add an additional \$3.00 to have the dog's name engraved in deep and lasting letters. This is undoubtedly the silliest and most thoughtless gesture any dog owner could ever make, especially if he thinks anything of his dog.

There are in America today criminal gangs that operate in a highly efficient manner. Seldom are members caught and brought within the meshes of the law. These little heard of criminals are dog thieves.

They are successful because the average dog owner is not completely thoughtful where his dog is concerned. Much care is given to the feeding regimen, exercising the dog, having him examined by the vet, but almost no thought is given to the possibility of the dog becoming lost, strayed or stolen. Most people just take for granted that this can never happen to them. And when it does they not only are completely unprepared, but in their carelessness have placed opportunity in the hands of the dog robber.

Logically, if the only printing on the dog's tag is his own name, then even if the person finding the dog wanted to return him, he would find it virtually impossible. And with the dog thief, the only asset he needs in disposing of the dog is his name.

Dog thieves operate in every city in the country and even tour villages and country towns in search of the lost, strayed or stolen. Hospitals use dogs in scientific experimentation; unscrupulous pet show owners buy them, falsify papers and peddle them as highly valuable pedigree dogs. It is true that the dog robber doesn't realize too much for a stolen dog. It is his purpose to get rid of it as soon as possible, thereby reducing the personal risk of discovery as well as making a quick sale turnover.

What can be done to protect your



These strays picked up by the A.S.P.C.A. will get humane treatment. But usually a lost dog has a rough time.



Dog thieves frequently tour a community looking for valuable animals.

dog? Several things. First, don't buy an expensive collar and have his name engraved on the tag. Buy a tag large enough to have your full name and address emblazoned, also that of your veterinarian in case of an accident, so he can be called immediately.

How does this help? In the first place, if the thief doesn't know the name of your dog, it is going to be made much more difficult for him to try to peddle it as his own. In the second place, if your name is on the tag, quite often the thief tries a winning little piece of

psychology. He may steal the dog, find the name and then call you and say that he has found the dog, is several miles away and, at a lot of trouble to himself (probably mentioning he had to miss a day's work because of the dog, etc.) will return it to you. Naturally, he expects a reward in proportion to the value of the dog.

Say you give him only \$5.00 as a reward. If he sold it for vivisection, or to a "hot" dog-pet shop, he wouldn't get much more, and there he would always run the risk of discovery and arrest.

YOUR DOG



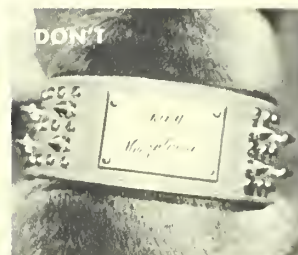
PHOTOS BY DONATO LEO

his life and will positively discourage him from following cars.

The problem of discouraging your pooch from tagging or following strangers isn't quite so easily solved. You want your dog to be friendly, but not over-friendly. Psychologically it isn't a simple thing to teach your dog that you are pleased that he is friendly but highly displeased when he evinces his friendliness to the degree of fawning on and following strange persons.

A friend of mine, a man who knows dogs and their habits better than most people know their own, once taught me a method of breaking my dog of the dangerous trick of following people.

I had a black Labrador retriever, a rollicking friendly character, with love in his oversized heart for everything that walked. I returned his affection, but couldn't break him of what he considered the natural habit of follow-



DON'T
You help the dog thief when you give him a dog's name.



DO
This is how to show you are the dog's owner.



This "paper treatment" can stop over-friendliness.



The "water cure" will keep your dog from following cars. And it won't hurt him.

But by returning it, he is being magnanimous; you realize this and make it worth his while.

Usually the dog thief, provided the name of the owner is on the collar, will wait a few days before calling you. Men who steal dogs know very well how attached a person becomes to a dog. Sometimes they wait until they feel that you must have given up hope of ever recovering the dog, then they spring their call. Surely you are appreciative, and most certainly you give as large a reward as you can afford.

Of course it is possible that your dog of his own initiative may get the idea to follow a passing car, or take a walk with a stranger.

If he has a penchant for following cars it might make good sense to give him the cold water treatment. Have a friend of yours drive by your home often enough to attract your dog. Then as your dog follows him, have him slow down and throw a pail or bucket of water directly on your dog. Harsh? Not at all. A little cold water thrown into his face at the proper moment may save

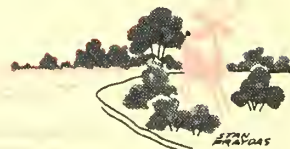
ing people. After spending long hours recovering my black Lab at times when men should be tucked under cozy blankets, I decided to put into action my dog-wise friend's advice.

Here it is: Ask some friend of yours, a person you seldom see, or perhaps someone you know only slightly, to visit your home. He should have a tightly rolled newspaper in his hand. When your dog starts following this man, he should turn, viciously and silently, and start beating the dog with

(Continued on page 60)

Legion Rod and Gun Club

By JACK DENTON SCOTT



IF YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING IDEA OR SUGGESTION OUR OUTDOORS EDITOR CAN USE ON THIS PAGE, HE'LL PAY OFF WITH SHELLS, CARTRIDGES, LINES OR LURES.

While walking in the woods this past hunting season exercising my dogs and trying to work an inch or so off the midriff, I noticed a couple of characters leaning against a tree, rifles in hand. They appeared to be listening intently. As I got closer, I noticed ear plugs peeking out of their flappers, and started thinking about the number of hearing aids I had noticed hunters wearing during the last season. This, I reasoned, could be because they had got too close to the blast of a twelve-gauge, or else the auditory nerve of the average American was rapidly going to hell.

As I got closer they threw me a disgusted look, took the hearing aids out and said, "Well, Buster, you gonna be around here long? We're trying for some bushy tails."

It ended up with me asking them about the ear plugs. It seems that this year science has again chalked up a score against the wild animal. Hearing aids are being used to magnify woodland sounds. The scamper of a squirrel or the thump of a rabbit, picked up on the hearing aid device, gives the hunter almost the same auditory range and ability as the woods creatures.



Another tag-end bit of information about this past hunting season. Both encephalitis and Newcastle disease hit game birds. Pheasants, mostly those released by the states, were dropping dead of the brain disease. The rise of this killer couldn't be explained. Hunters were warned not to eat birds that acted sick or logey. It could be dangerous. Some scientists claim that Newcastle may wipe out more game birds than all the hunters combined. It is a virus disease widespread in poultry, especially chickens. Wildlife specialists who have been studying the disease claim that game birds pick up the virus during flight letdowns on poultry farms. Total figures on the number of game birds killed by Newcastle aren't in, but the estimate is high. On one large game preserve there was an 85 percent loss of birds due to savage sweep of this new scourge of our wildlife.

Remember the *Pelican* disaster off Long Island last year? That party fishing boat that was pathetically overloaded with Sun-

day fishermen and went down with a loss of many lives. As a result of that tragic sinking legislation has been introduced specifically limiting the number of fishermen passengers on small party fishing boats. This act hasn't been passed as yet and has met strong opposition from commercial fishermen.

Respected oldtime seadogs like Joseph and Frank Dolan of Guilford, Conn., put it this way: "We've been running out commercial craft from these shores for twenty-five years, and never has a boat of ours been overloaded. It's stupid to jam a boat with fishermen. No one gets any fish and you spend all of your time untangling lines and hooks, with the result that nobody is satisfied."

"Take a tuna fishing boat. Six men should be tops. Maybe eight if they take turns. No more. We troll with overhead rigs and it's impossible to get more than a couple of them in action. And bottom fishing for blacks: Put no more than eight people in a boat, with a captain to run the boat and a mate to bait hooks and take care of the paying customers." Joe Dolan shakes his head. "I'm not sure any legislation could turn the trick now. Seems to me it's up to the people themselves. If they see a captain has so little concern for them that he'll jam up the boat, then they should get off that boat."

As we get more detail about legislation governing commercial fishing craft and party boat fishing we'll pass it on to you.



H. J. Bornholdt, vice president of the Commercial State Bank in Wausa, Nebr., sends on this letter. "We use weighted cans to mark the good spots when lake fishing," he writes. "The cans are painted yellow. Of late most of the lake fishing has been at night. Our problem is to find something to put on the cans, or attach to them, so they can be located at night. I have experimented with several kinds of luminous paint but find that they only last a few minutes. Is there anything you can suggest?" A problem. Yes, night fisherman Bornholdt, we can. In the state of Connecticut they have bands of metal, similar to aluminum that they attach

to roadside guard rails which throw off a strong glow when light is flashed on them. They aren't painted with luminous paint and seem to last for years. On one old country road, these bands have been glowing strongly every night for five years that I know of. I suggest that you write to the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, Hartford, Conn., explain your situation and ask them if any of this metal is available. It certainly should be. If it is, your problem is solved.

One of the more sane requests. Some are real lulus. But we don't mind. Send them on. If we can help we will.



April is stream month. Trout time. Get your rods limbered and the joints oiled up. Bring out the old flies and get some new ones. Incidentally, if you want a new trout-getting fly, send in a suggestion or idea we can use in this column and we'll mail one out to you.



Don't let your hunting dog down now that the season is over. Remember to give him exercise every day or night and, if you've got him on a concrete run, April is the time to get in there and scrub those runs so that worm eggs will not be left in the concrete pores. You'll probably worm your dog this spring. And it won't mean a thing if you don't keep his run clean and sanitary. Stop the cod liver oil you've been putting in his food this last winter. Give it only during the cold months. Use Rex Wheat Germ Oil, mixed with his meat and meal and you'll find that it'll do wonders for his coat—also his spring and summer disposition.



IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS OR QUESTIONS CONNECTED WITH THE OUTDOORS: hunting, fishing, dogs, etc., don't hesitate to send them on to THE OUTDOOR EDITOR, AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE. We will do our best to help. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop for reply.

WHO MADE THE LEGION'S POLICY AGAINST HOOVER VET PROPOSALS?

By ROBERT B. PITKIN

Associate Editor, American Legion Magazine

Who made The American Legion's policy opposing the Hoover Report recommendations on veterans affairs?

The Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report has been spreading the rumor that this national Legion policy is the invention of a few top national officials of the Legion who have some sort of vested interests to protect in the Veterans Administration.

So far we have ignored this rumor on these pages, because it seemed so transparent. Now we have a number of indignant letters from Legionnaires asking us to call the Citizens Committee's bluff, and set the record straight.

We give below a rounded picture of the origin of this policy. It may be of particular interest to those local newspapers that have been printing the Citizens Committee's phrases as their own editorials.

There are well over 75,000 men and women in this country who — professionally or as volunteers — render personal service to veterans, especially to disabled veterans and their dependents, and to the dependents of deceased veterans. Many of these people are regular veterans service officers. Others are rehabilitation committeemen and volunteer hospital workers. All of them are generally known as "rehab workers." They include nearly all the men and women in the country *outside* of the Veterans Administration who know at first hand the problems, difficulties and principles of making veterans affairs work.

Their dedication and aim is to secure for the individual veteran or his dependents the maximum benefits that Congress has awarded, and to render what other service they can to disabled veterans and their dependents.

Between rehab workers and the VA there is a cordial but not-always-friendly relationship, roughly parallel to that between a lawyer (rehab worker) and the court (VA).

Just as lawyers join the bar associations, so most rehab workers are affiliated with the veterans associations and become the chief counselors of the veterans organizations in the field of veterans service. Many states and cities, as well as the veterans organizations, maintain veterans service programs as official public agencies.

The vast majority of rehab workers in the country belong to The American Legion. The Legion furnishes huge sums and the largest organized national machinery to help the service officers in their service to the individual veterans.

The cost of these services is borne not by the veteran, but by the service officers and/or the service agency. Thus the Legion National, State and local organizations foot all the costs of their professional service officers. Volunteer rehab workers share the cost of their work with the Legion, giving their time and frequently paying their own expenses. As practically all Legionnaires know, service work is mostly giving and hardly any taking, except for the taking of satisfaction.

These tens of thousands of men and women rehab workers have always had a major policy-making influence in the veterans service programs of the veterans organizations, an influence well justified by their being the most competent and knowing in the field of veterans rehabilitation. They break down into scores of specialties: claims special-

ists, insurance specialists; doctors, child welfare workers, nurses, hospital volunteers, hospital inspectors, etc., and the vast majority of them are in it for the love of the work and the sense of duty to the disabled veterans.

The two major achievements of the veterans organizations in the legislative field during the past 32 years have been guided chiefly by these men and women.

One major achievement has been to create sound and nearly adequate benefits for veterans based on (a) the national moral obligation to war veterans and (b) the actual needs of the nation for reabsorbing war veterans back into the civilian society and economy of the nation.

The other major achievement has been to create government administrative machinery whereby the benefits would actually become available to the vet-

THIS LETTER WENT TO 620 REHABILITATION WORKERS

The American
LEGION
Magazine

EDITORIAL OFFICES, 500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N. Y. • TELEPHONE JUDSON 6-3410.

Feb. 19, 1952

Dear Veterans Service Worker:

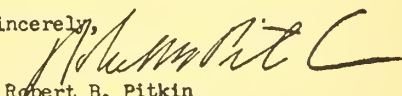
Widely circulated statements appearing in the press, on the radio, and being distributed by various organizations, say that the American Legion's policy on the Hoover Report is not based on a concern for veterans, but on the desire of a few officials to protect sinister "vested interests" in the Veterans Administration.

The same widely circulated statements say that the Hoover recommendations in veterans affairs would create "better service for veterans (not less as the Legion contends) with tremendous savings."

The same sources flatly deny the Legion's warnings that worse service, more expense to taxpayers, impairment of administration of veterans affairs, defeat of veterans claims by superimposed red tape, dismemberment of VA, destruction of veterans preference in Civil Service, corruption of Civil Service, as well as reduction and impairment of medical services to disabled veterans are inherent in the Hoover recommendations in veterans affairs.

YOU ARE ONE OF THE LEADING EXPERTS IN VETERANS AFFAIRS IN YOUR STATE, AND YOU WORK DAILY TO HELP VETERANS ESTABLISH THEIR LEGAL CLAIMS. Speaking from your PERSONAL EXPERIENCE in handling veterans benefits, claims and rehabilitation, what comment on the above would you make for publication?

Sincerely,


Robert B. Pitkin
Associate Editor

rbp/ro

erans—without which the benefits would be meaningless.

The signal success of the Legion in both areas is, and has been, the fruit of the ardent toil and experience and the cumulative wisdom of the tens of thousands of rehab workers, professional and volunteer.

With the exception of the Economy Act of 1933, there has been slow but consistent progress in national veteran policy and administration ever since War I, nearly all of it guided by the influence of the veterans rehab workers. The Economy Act, a disaster in national policy, became law in 1933 without consultation with the rehab workers. It lived a year and eight days, achieved nothing, and caused untold misery to disabled veterans, including suicides among those ejected from hospitals or stripped of income from service-connected compensation.

Elsewhere, progress has been steady, except in the areas of political immorality and incompetence. Laws cannot improve these, neither Legion sponsored laws nor Hoover laws. Immorality and incompetence in administration of veterans affairs have fluctuated and will fluctuate with the character of the changing administrations—national and VA.

The GI Bill was a creation of the ex-

perience of the national corps of rehab workers in The American Legion. It spared 16 million War II veterans the agonies that War I veterans suffered from inadequate planning for readjustment to civilian society. The GI Bill also spared the nation the agonies it suffered during the tumultuous years of pain and growth in veteran policy after War I that were climaxed with the Bonus March; with Hooverville; with the U.S. Army called out against veterans in the national capital where, inadequately readjusted fourteen years after the war, destitute veterans had become pawns of a communist drama that fed on their dissatisfactions.

Today's Legion national policy opposing the Hoover Report recommendations in veterans affairs is the fruit of the experience of the same tens of thousands of men and women who have steadily guided Legion and national veteran policy away from the mistakes of the past; and of a new generation of rehab workers who have learned their jobs under experienced tutelage.

When word of what the Hoover Commission proposed began to leak out in 1948, scarcely a veterans rehab worker in the nation was blind to its meaning. (The news had to leak out, because the Hoover Commission did not consult with the rehab workers as it formed its recommendations.)

By 1949, when the Hoover Report was made public, rehab workers sounded off about it all over the country. They saw, as clearly as a cop can see a car going through a red light, that by breaking up the VA among many agencies only one thing was certain. Service to veterans would be curtailed by bureaucratic topheaviness. Administrative expenses would go up, and the vast economies claimed for the Hoover reorganization could only come from defeat of veterans benefits laws through decentralization of responsibility and management. If this seems complicated to the layman, it is as simple to rehab workers as measles is to a doctor.

Legion official policy opposing the Hoover Report began at the county conventions in 1949, where rehab workers presented their case against the Hoover Report born of personal experience. If they were overheated, as many were, it was in understandable rage at the folly of a group of distinguished citizens soberly proposing to burn the disabled veterans house down to keep him warm.

Hundreds of Legion county conventions opposed the Hoover Report in 1949. Nearly every state organization followed suit in the state conventions, where the growing host of expert witnesses included the veterans service workers of official city and state boards and commissions.

It was a foregone conclusion that the national convention in Philadelphia in 1949 would echo the universal ground swell of resentment voiced by the rehab workers and supported by their fellow Legionnaires.

At Philadelphia, the convention committee on veterans rehabilitation had

WHAT DO YOUR SERVICE OFFICERS THINK OF THE HOOVER REPORT?

(Copies of the letter reproduced with this story went to 620 veterans service workers between Feb. 19 and Feb. 24, 1952. On the first of March 207 answers were in. They are tabulated below.)

PROFESSIONAL SERVICE OFFICERS

	Verify Legion	For Hoover Report	No Com- ment
National	10	0	0
State, Legion	57	0	0
State, public	13	0	0
Local	14	0	0

VOLUNTEER SERVICE WORKERS

	Verify Legion	For Hoover Report	No Com- ment
National	10	0	0
State	14	0	0
Local	84	3	2
Total	202	3	2

Average years of personal veterans service experience.... 18.7 years

Annual veteran-problem case load handled under jurisdiction of professionals reporting (excluding duplicate figures).... 2,609,342

Of 113 volunteers reporting, 57 listed private occupations, as follows: public officials 16, medical 8, insurance 9; merchants 5, attorneys 6; post office 3; educators 2; supreme court judge 1; engineers 2; industrial supervisor 1; farmer 1; banker 1; newspaper editor 1; corporation president 1.

before it more than forty resolutions opposing the Hoover Report that emanated from the States. The committee combined them into one resolution, which was passed by the more than 3,000 delegates without dissenting voice.

This writer was present and felt the temper of the convention.

Had a group of national Legion officials tried to swing the convention to favor the Hoover Report, that action would have ended their Legion careers.

Subsequently, the same policy was reaffirmed at county, state and national conventions of 1950 and 1951.

The origin of the Legion's policy is not a matter of opinion, it is a matter of record.

Even so, giving the Citizens Committee the benefit of the doubt about their rumor that a few top officials invented the Legion's Hoover Report policy, the editors of this magazine mailed out 620 copies of the letter reproduced with this story between Feb. 19 and Feb. 24. The letter went to every rehab worker whose current address was immediately available for a spot check by our office. On March 1, a total of 207 answers were in. The results, tabulated in detail elsewhere, showed the following:

Verified Legion policy and analysis of Hoover report	202
For Hoover report	3
No comment	2

Traveled Long Distance

The crack Drill Team of Malcolm Ross White Post No. 433, Southampton, New York, traveled 170 miles to act as honor guard to National Commander Donald R. Wilson on his official visit to the Department's 10th District, at Valley Stream, on February 4.

VET BENEFITS IN DANGER; WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN

A well-planned campaign by anti-veteran forces is organized to stampede Congress to enact by next June 1 five major legislative proposals dealing with veteran affairs—a campaign spearheaded by the so-called Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report. These proposals are embodied in 17 separate bills—but they have a common purpose.

That is to dismember the VA and destroy veteran benefits; to halt veterans' preference; to put vet hospitals in a common pool—in fact to reduce VA to a mere "benefits section."

The Legion has launched "Operation Victory" to stop this drive; to save VA and safeguard veteran interests. You can help—write your Congressman and Senators today. Tell them you are opposed to the Hoover Report proposals insofar as the measures touch on veteran affairs.

Here are the 17 bills:

To destroy veterans' preference: S. 1135, already passed by the Senate and now in the House, H.R. 2420, H.R. 2748, H.R. 3311 and H.R. 3687.

To dismember the VA: Veterans' Insurance Corporation—S. 1138, H.R. 3317, and H.R. 3677, U. S. Department of Health: S. 1140, H.R. 3305 and H.R. 3688. VA Hospital Construction Service: S. 1143, H.R. 3309 and H.R. 3680.

To reduce VA to a mere "benefits section": S. 1151, H.R. 3316 and H.R. 3686.

Write your Congressman and Senators today!

Chaplains Hold Parley to Organize "Back to God" Movement in Posts and Departments

Comprehensive plans for a continuing "Back to God" movement throughout the United States were laid at a conference of Department Chaplains of The American Legion at National Headquarters, March 19 and 20.

Out of the Conference, presided over by National Chaplain O. G. Birkeland and addressed by National Commander Donald R. Wilson, and other National officers, came a nationwide committee structure on Department and Post levels as the framework for a permanent program of emphasizing religious activities in daily life.

"Scores of editorials appearing in newspapers from coast to coast, together with hundreds of telegrams and letters from religious leaders and others, both within and without the ranks of The American Legion, leave no doubt that the 'Back to God' movement has had a tremendous impact upon our people," said National Commander Wilson. "They demonstrate that the grassroots of America are responding to spiritual quickening, that our people realize the need in these critical times to get closer to God."

Terming the Chaplains of 1952 as the "VIP'S of The American Legion," National Commander Wilson said the world's largest veterans' organization will lend its full resources to carry on this threefold spiritual reawakening campaign encouraging regular church attendance, daily prayer and religious education of children.

National Chaplain Birkeland, appointed as director of the crusade by the National Commander, pointed out that The American Legion has developed a series of dramatic posters and outdoor advertising panels in full color to give added impetus to its divine guidance program. These striking posters carry such slogans as:

"America's First Line of Defense — God and His Church! Attend Every Sunday!"

"Teach Children Religion for a Better Community!"

"Americans — Let's Put God Back in Our Homes and in Our Government for the Sake of Our Children. The



Symbolizing the material and spiritual strength of The American Legion, a new poster in eight colors will be distributed to all Posts, Units and Voitures about April 1. National Commander Wilson urges that the poster campaign be launched on a concentrated, nation-wide basis to emphasize the Legion's — and the nation's — spiritual foundation. After the initial distribution is made, a plentiful supply of posters will be available to meet all demands. The poster is from an oil painting by Jes W. Schlaikjer, distinguished Washington, D. C., artist, who is a charter member of the Legion Post at Winner, South Dakota. Legionnaire Schlaikjer has painted many covers for this magazine and has also illustrated some dozen or more articles.

Family That Prays Together Stays Together!"

Each of these posters is handsomely illustrated and carries the emblem and name of The American Legion.

Discussion panels were conducted on each phase of the "Back to God" movement and plans were laid for Department, District and Post organizations in every state and community.

The religious press of all denominations and all ministerial associations has been urged to cooperate in the project, and ministers of churches and synagogues throughout the nation have been advised that American Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units in their areas are available for assistance to them in encouraging full participation by residents of their communities.

Particularly encouraging to the Department Chaplains in the conference is the almost universal acclaim and approval given the Legion's "Back to God" movement by the press.

LEGION SHARES IN AWARDS OF FREEDOMS FOUNDATION

More than 600 American individuals, schools and organizations were given Freedom Awards by Freedoms Foundation at the annual ceremony at historic Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, on Washington's birthday. Cash awards of \$100,000 were made, and Honor Medals were presented to a long list who have made outstanding contributions to freedom and the American way of life in 1951.

Selected for a place in the honor roll was Joseph C. Keeley, Editor of *The American Legion Magazine*, for his article "Let's Have More Schools Like This," published in this magazine for August, 1951. He was awarded an Honor Medal, as was also Zora Neale Hurston, whose article "Why the Negro Won't Buy Communism" published in the June, 1951, number, attracted national attention. A. Luke Crispe, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1951 Chairman of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, won an Honor Medal for his article, "The American," in the *Auxiliary National News*, March, 1951.

Awards were made in sixteen divisions. In the General Category, second place awards were made to The American Legion National Americanism Commission for its Boys' Nation program, American Appreciation Month, and its bulletin "Summary of Trends and Developments," and to the American Legion Auxiliary for its Girls' Nation program. Aberdeen (Washington) Post No. 5 received an Honor Medal award for its "Alert America Week" program.

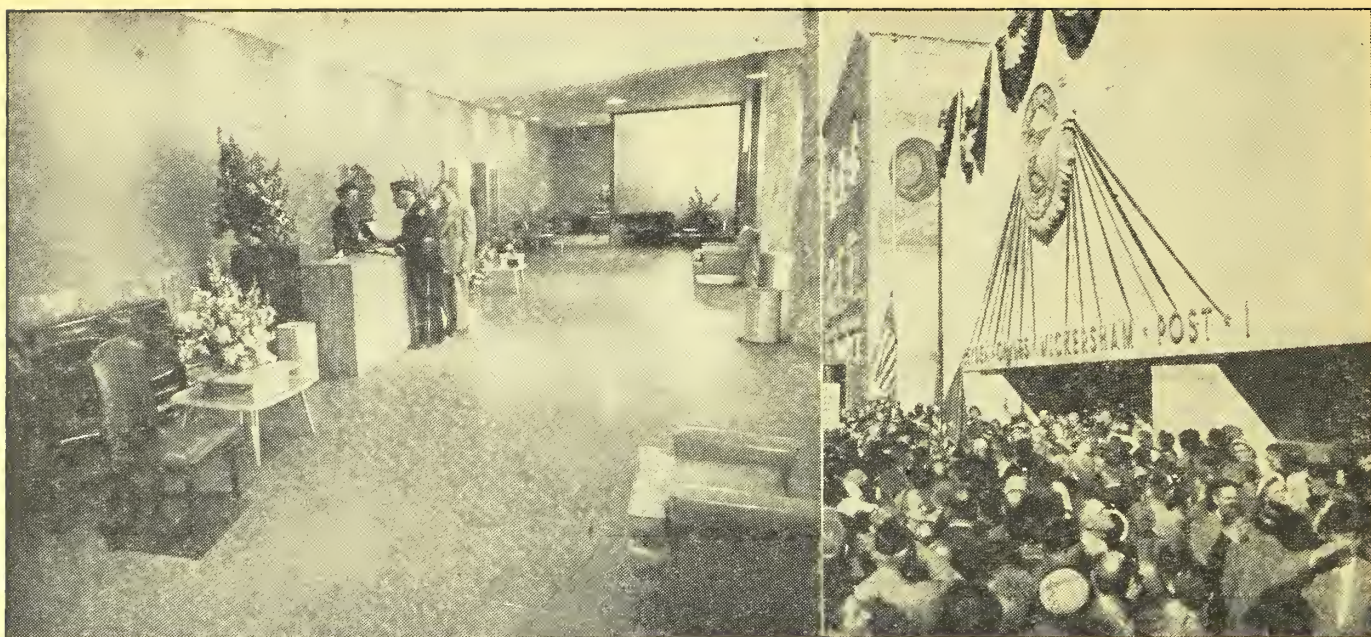
Other second place awards went to the Luzerne County American Legion, West Wyoming, Pennsylvania, for its Americanism activities report and to the Pierre, South Dakota, American Legion for its "Government Days in South Dakota" program.

An Honor Medal also went to Past National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., for his "I Am An American Day" address at Hollywood, California.

In the public addresses by youth category, nine awards were made — seven of these were won by high school pupils who participated in the Legion's 1951 National High School Oratorical Contest. First place awards went to Tom Calenberg, Gary, Indiana, and Charles V. Singer, Jr., San Bernardino, California. Winners of second place were Rodney Nicholas Mara, Providence, Rhode Island, and Kay Jon Mildon, Ogden, Utah. Receiving Honor Medals were Jack L. Gilmer, Atlanta, Georgia; Carl H. Gunderson, Mishawaka, Indiana, and Martin E. Palmer, St. Louis, Missouri.

Medford Post Home Burned

The fine home of Medford (Massachusetts) Post No. 45 suffered a \$30,000 fire damage in the early morning of February 10. When discovered by the custodian the fire had spread through the walls and broken through the roof. Cause of fire is undetermined.



Lobby of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post's new million dollar home at Denver; at right, part of crowd at dedication service.

DENVER POST HAS NEW MILLION DOLLAR HOME; SETS NEW TARGET

Now that the members of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post No. 1, The American Legion of Denver, Colorado, have formally dedicated and entered their spacious \$1,000,000 Memorial building, they have fixed their sights on another objective. They hope by the end of the year to be the Number One Post in the world in membership. Confidence was expressed in all quarters in Denver following the dedication on February 8th that the present 10,000 numerical strength would be doubled within a year. This they feel sure will enable them to take over the leadership now held by Omaha Post No. 1. Word of this activity has reached Omaha, and they maintain that it won't happen.

Denver has at least one other important American Legion event scheduled this year, and that is the finals of The American Legion Junior Baseball program. This will be staged in September and, interestingly enough, the Denverites, joining with The Legion, are confident that the previous attendance records established in Omaha will be broken. The dedication program, which saw a dream come true, was a noteworthy event attended by National Commander Donald R. Wilson, who formally dedicated the edifice, which houses a fine auditorium, finely equipped offices, eight bowling alleys, several dining rooms and beautifully appointed recreation rooms and offices.

In addition to the National Commander, dignitaries participating included Governor Dan Thornton; United States Senator Eugene D. Millikin, a charter member of the Post and a contributor to the building fund; Mayor

Quigg Newton, a World War II veteran and a Legionnaire; Department Commander Cal Maier; James F. O'Neil, Past National Commander and Director of Publications; Fred Bramlage, Junction City, Kansas; Lewis K. Gough, Pasadena, California; Walter Alessandroni, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Art Connell, Middletown, Connecticut—all Past National Vice-Commanders.

The neighboring States of New Mexico, Wyoming and Arizona also sent delegations, including Seaborn Collins, former Department Commander of New Mexico. Jack Oakey, former Department Commander of Colorado and Director of The American Legion's National Field Service, was also in attendance.

Special guests of honor were the surviving relatives of those for whom the Post is named, as well as several members of the Memorial Building Corporation. Harold Dolan, President of the Memorial Building Corporation, made the address and presented the trophies. At the conclusion of his address he handed the keys of the building to Post Commander Frank Lynch, Jr., who made the response. Dr. Lee Winemiller, Past Post Commander, presided at the ceremonies. More than 4,000 persons were in attendance.

Coupled with the dedication was the Mid-Winter Conference of the Department of Colorado, in which most of the visiting Legionnaires participated. This was held in what is now the former home of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, and was presided over by Department Commander Maier of Longmont. The conference was followed by the annual Last Squad dinner, which was held

in the new home, at which National Commander Wilson was the principal speaker.

WATSON B. MILLER NAMED TO SUBVERSIVE CONTROL BOARD

President Truman has named Watson B. Miller, who has served the Legion as Special Representative of the National Commander in Washington since July 1, 1950, to be a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board. He will succeed Seth Richardson, who resigned from the 5-member Board last year while serving as Chairman.

The Board was set up under the Internal Security Act to determine whether communist or communist-front organizations must register with the Government. It is currently holding hearings on the Attorney General's move to force the communist party to register.

A veteran of both Government and Legion service, Legionnaire Miller served as Director of the Legion's rehabilitation service from 1923 to 1941. He resigned to become Assistant Administrator of the Federal Security Agency under Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt, and upon resignation of his chief in 1945 he was appointed Administrator. In 1947 he was appointed Commissioner of the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, which he held until his return to the Legion in 1950.

He is a Past Department Commander of the District of Columbia, and a Past National Vice Commander, elected at the New Orleans National Convention.

COMPETITIONS ALL SET TO STIR UP 1952 CONVENTION

Revised rules for the eight national competitions of musical corps, to govern the contests at the 34th National Convention in New York on August 24-28, have been sent out to all Department Adjutants and recorded musical units.

Norton E. Granger, Chairman of the Contest Supervisory Committee, is anticipating the greatest number of contestants in the history of the Legion at the annual 1952 meet. He points out the accessibility of the convention city, splendid housing facilities, unexcelled spots for staging the contests — plus the fact that New York is in the heart of the drum corps world.

To back his argument, Chairman Granger looked back to the 1951 contests at the Miami Convention. In the Drum and Bugle Corps battle there the Corps of Hawthorne (New Jersey) Post No. 199 nosed out the champion Gabarina-Mazarakos Memorial Post No. 1523, New York City, by .117 of a point. In the national junior class of Drum and Bugle Corps competition, the St. Vincent Cadets of Jersey City, New Jersey, downed another Skeeter State outfit, the defending Holy Name Cadets of Garfield, by .393 of a point. The Chairman reasons that the ins will want to stay in, and that old champs and good windjammers from dozens of other Posts will do their level best to oust them.

CHILD WELFARE MONTH TO BE OBSERVED IN APRIL

"Let's Tell the World" is the theme of the April, 1952, observance of American Legion child welfare month. An eight-page leaflet with this title has been issued by the National Child Welfare Division and is being distributed to all American Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units.

The leaflet includes two suggested news releases on child welfare for use by Posts and further suggestions for telling the world of The American Legion's child welfare work, especially its current campaign to emphasize religion in the lives of children. Copies of the leaflet may be obtained without charge from the National Child Welfare Division, The American Legion, P.O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

The Home is Theirs

After 27 years of trials and troubles, the home of Halker-Flege Post No. 69, Reading, Ohio, is debt-free. A mortgage burning ceremony was held on February 24, with Mayor Charles Gertz of Reading, and Mayor Carl W. Rich of Cincinnati as the speakers. Past Commander Charles Greiner, Jr., presided, and Commander Charley Lohmueller had the assistance of 15 Past Commanders in touching flame to the mortgage. The home was built in 1927; was lost during the depression, but was repurchased at the close of WW2.

WASHINGTON BUGLER WINS CHAMPIONSHIP TEN TIMES



Out in Washington State the Legionnaires call him "Mr. Automatic" in the bugle competition — that's Cecil Bannister of Albert J. Hamilton Post No. 7, Bellingham. He has won the individual bugling contest 10 times out of 12 tries since 1937, and at the same time has helped his crack Post Drum and Bugle Corps to cop the Department championship 10 times, not counting a sixth place in the national competition at Los Angeles in 1950. Beginning as a Boy Scout bugler, Champ. Bannister served in the Canadian Army in WW1; joined Bellingham's Hamilton Post in 1923 but did not get into the Drum and Bugle Corps until 1936. His victories since 1937 — he has a lot of trophies to show for them — span 12 competitive years in his Department. No Department Contests were held during 3 war years.

JUNIOR BASEBALLERS MEET TO PLAN FOR '52 PROGRAM

Four area conferences to plan the 1952 Junior Baseball program were attended by representatives of all the continental Departments of the Legion. The conferences were held at New York City, Birmingham, Alabama; Des Moines, Iowa, and Salt Lake City, Utah.

Leaders in Legion baseball discussed plans for the 1952 season. Rule changes adopted by the National Americanism Commission were explained to the conferences by Dale Miller, Administrator of the program. From reports received the 1952 season will top any other year and the conferees were lavish in their praise of volunteer workers and sponsors who spend much time and approximately \$2,000,000 annually to support the sandlot ball game. A million or more youngsters participate, learning the rules of good sportsmanship.

NORTH SHORE POST MAN WINS \$1,000 FOR SELF AND POST

John J. Enright, Lincolnwood, Illinois, was the winner of the top prize of \$1,000 cash in the contest sponsored by the United States Plywood Corporation, on the subject "Why I Like Weldwood Glue." The contest was open to Legionnaires and Auxiliaries only, and was announced in a full-page advertisement in the October number of *The American Legion Magazine*.

Conforming to the terms of the contest, an additional \$1,000 in cash was awarded North Shore Post No. 21, Chicago, Illinois, of which Comrade Enright is a member. Presentation of the top awards were made at a meeting of North Shore Post by Robert Gospel, one of the executives of the Plywood Corporation.

Second prize of \$100 went to Matthew J. Zepka, Adams, Massachusetts, and third prize of \$50 was awarded to Mrs. Madeline Woodside, Long Island City, New York.

Fourteen prizes of \$25 each were won by F. J. Benscoter, Hutchinson, Kansas; Nicholas J. Heidy, Silverton, Colorado; Wilton E. Carter, Commander, East Marion Post No. 351, Marion, South Carolina; Robert A. Matrakos, Lincoln, Nebraska; Morris R. Scott, Washington, D. C.; Collins Ewins, Odessa, Missouri; Dewie Rigg, Tullahoma, Tennessee; S. O. Wilson, Vivian, Louisiana; Frank L. Ulrickson, Ellsworth, Kansas; Frank H. Wilson, Appleton, Wisconsin; H. R. Mull, Springfield, Illinois; Henry Sheldon, Chicago, Illinois; Carlton Gibson, Indianapolis, Indiana, and J. Dryden, Ellsworth, Kansas.

Corporal Mitchell Red Cloud, Jr.

In the Veterans' Newsletter for February appeared a list of Medal of Honor winners, including Corporal Mitchell Red Cloud, Jr., whose home address was given as Friendship, Wisconsin. This brought several letters from Wisconsin readers, all in agreement that the young hero was born and spent his life at Merrillan, Jackson County, Wisconsin. Error in the address was made by the fact that his mother was living at Friendship at the time the posthumous award of the nation's highest military honor was made. For the record, the correct address is Merrillan, Wisconsin.

Porchlight Polio Pickup

Westmont (Illinois) Post No. 338 took on the responsibility of collecting funds in a polio drive. An idea suggested by County Chaplain Renouard of placing a replica of an iron lung on a trailer equipped with a mobile sound system was adopted in putting on what was called a "Porch Light Polio Pick Up." Making the rounds in the early night, citizens were requested to turn on their porch lights when they heard the music if they wanted to contribute to the polio fund. Result: \$1,800 picked up in no time at all.

Granite Falls (Minnesota) Post No. 69 threw a turkey feed for its Junior Baseball team, runner-up in semi-finals in 1951, on January 14, and gave distinctive jackets to each member. Post also joined with other Legion units in three-county area to purchase 16-mm projector for Riverside Sanatorium in Granite Falls. . . . Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Police Post No. 415 has established a death benefit of \$100 for its members, to be paid to the surviving wife or children. Membership in Post is restricted to members of the Milwaukee Police Department, and has an enrollment of 394.

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Though the Tide of Toys was not carried as a national program in 1951, the idea was so appealing to William Schoville Post No. 220, Soldiers Grove, Wisconsin, that it put on its own drive for the community deserving. Result: Post distributed toys, clothing and a full Christmas dinner to 35 families, including 121 children. . . . Grayling (Michigan) Post No. 106 came up with its annual Christmas party for children, bigger and better than ever—744 children in attendance. Highlights of the party was recorded by WATC radio station, with the program going on the air on December 22. The Post had a 1951 membership of 177. . . . CPO Walter Scott Gibson, who hails from Albany, Georgia, has been given the Award of Merit by Tokyo (Japan) Post No. 1—of which he is Vice Commander. Adjutant George Puchowski reports that Legionnaire Gibson, is Chairman of the Membership Drive at Atsugi, Chairman of the Boy Scout Committee, Chairman of the Junior Baseball Committee, and has signed up more members than anyone else in the Post.

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Prowlers added insult to injury when they entered the home of Post No. 331, at Shorewood, a Milwaukee, Wisconsin, suburb. Finding no cash, the uninvited guests smashed a cigarette and pinball machine—using the Post Commander's gavel to do the dirty work. . . . Organized in 1935, the Drum and Bugle Corps of Post No. 3, Lincoln, Nebraska, has a unique record—75 percent of its present membership are WW1 vets. The corps makes about 50 appearances each year in Nebraska; has missed only two National Conventions in 16 years, running up to over 200,000 miles of travel. Its membership of 45 includes many prominent business and professional men—with three playing doctors.

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Paper City Post No. 325, Holyoke, Massachusetts, sponsored a university extension course directed by Amherst College at its home. A large class of Legionnaires and war veterans of the area was enrolled and completed the course. . . . Frank Roach Post No. 34, Rock Hill, South Carolina, presented a

cabin to the Police Worthy Boys' Camp near its home city. The 20x20 foot cabin is of concrete block construction, with cement floor and aluminum roof, built at a cost of \$1,000, it is designed to house 12 boys. The Rock Hill Police Department operate the camp; last year 127 boys were cared for. . . . Now here is one for the book—Wilmington (Massachusetts) Post No. 136 has a Finance Officer who is serving his 32nd year in that office—in fact he's the only FO the Post has ever had. Joseph B. McMahon was elected Finance Officer when the Post was organized in 1919, and he's still on the job, without a break. Post Adjutant Warren H. Cheever nominates him as Senior FO of the entire Legion.

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A father and son Legion team story comes from Charles C. Weybrecht Post No. 166, Alliance, Ohio, with a result. Past Commander William F. Jordan, member since 1922, hit his stride when his son, Stanley Jordan, joined up in 1945 after WW2 service. Active in Post work, the team went after membership in a big way, rolling up records of 100

HUSBAND AND WIFE SERVE AS NATIONAL CHAPLAINS



At the 16th National Convention held at Miami, Florida, in 1934, Rev. Park W. Huntington, Wilmington, Delaware, was elected National Chaplain to serve through the year with National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr. Seventeen years later, at the 33rd National Convention held in the same city of Miami, Mrs. Park W. Huntington was elected National Chaplain of the American Legion Auxiliary—the first instance of a husband and wife having served in comparable offices in the two organizations. Above, Past National Chaplain Huntington presents an orchid to National Chaplain Huntington immediately after her election. The Huntington home is at Wilmington, Delaware, where Past National Chaplain Huntington is Director of the State Department of Welfare, to which he devotes full time, after many years in parish work.

to 200 each year. But for 1952 they went to town with a challenge to other father and son teams in the Ohio Department—record so far 272 members of the 800 enrolled in the Post. The result—a younger son, 19 and married, felt left out of affairs—he wanted to join the Legion. He enlisted in the Air Force—then reported to his Legionnaire father: "Now I can join the Legion." . . . Billy McKee Post No. 236, East Point, Georgia, has taken on sponsorship of a Boy Scout Troop as one of its 1952 community activities, starting with 13 Scouts. Legionnaire Ralph Jaillette is Scoutmaster.

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Continuing its active youth program, Frank P. Hommon Post No. 24, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, sponsored a Strength and Health Show on January 5. More than 500 persons crowded into the high school auditorium to witness the three-hour program featuring local boys in body-building and weight lifting activities. . . . Parsons-Marnatti Post No. 95, Brockway, Pennsylvania, awarded a gold Life Membership card to Charter Member A. D. Grasso, who is known in his community as "Mr. Legionnaire." . . . Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Wackley-Rowland Post No. 420 planned and carried out a successful Operation Blood Bank at St. Elmo, Illinois. The 132 pints of blood obtained during a visit of the Red Cross Blood Mobile were sent to the St. Louis blood bank for civilian and Armed Forces use.

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Members of Women Veterans Post No. 181, Bridgeport, Connecticut, have cared for the women veterans in the hospitals and homes in their area for some years. A special remembrance was sent out to more than 100 hospitalized women vets at Christmas time, a project carried out by Commander Winifred O'Neil and Chairman Eleanor Smith. . . . Members of Charles F. Wallace Post No. 666, Campbell, California, are working hard to popularize their slogan, "I'll March Memorial Day for My Buddies Who Cannot." The slogan was coined by Post Commander Frank J. Knox, and was approved by resolution at the Legion National Convention at Miami last October. . . . "Salt City March," composed by Dr. Gorman B. Mance, director of the champion Syracuse (New York) Post No. 41 band, will be featured in the Syracuse American Freedom concerts.

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Treverton (Pennsylvania) Post No. 92 has a Commander whose name is Legion. Son of Reynolds Reed, first Commander of Treverton Post, the present skipper is Thearle Legion Reed, WW2 vet, whose middle name comes from his father's favorite service organization. Past Commander Reynolds Reed is one of 11 members recently honored for 30 years of service to the Post. . . . Pacific Beach (California) Post No. 552 has inaugurated a flag service—flags are stored, preserved and raised on proper occasions, for a small fee.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—32nd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20-Sept. 1. Full info from Frank F. Barth, 18014 Homewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

29th (Blue and Gray) Division Assn.—34th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 29-Sept. 1; Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Info from John Kay, Treas., Upper Darby, Pa.

63rd (Blood and Fire) Infantry Div. Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 22-24; Sylvania Hotel. Details from M/Sgt. Lester A. Noel, President, Box 2094, Huntington, W. Va.

104th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division—Reunion, observing 10th anniversary of activation, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 30-Sept. 1; Sheraton Hotel. Write Alvin H. Fry, 7545 Oxford Drive, Clayton 5, Mo., for details.

USS Oklahoma, Commissioning and WW1 Crew—Reunion, New York City, May 34; Hotel Governor Clinton. Write Joseph Bacco, Secy-Treas., 1615 East Ave., Rochester 10, N. Y.

Persian Gulf Command—Reunion, Flagstaff, Ariz., June 28-29. Information from Eddie Poole, Rt. 1, Box 120, Flagstaff, Ariz.

216th General Hospital Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., May 23-25; Penn-Sheraton Hotel. Write Andrew J. Menzia, Secy-Treas., 79 Middle St., Lowell, Mass.

Hdqrs. Co., Combat Command B, 14th Armored Div.—Reunion planned, Binghamton, N. Y., July 19-20. Write Richard Wheeler, 38 Floral Ave., Binghamton, or Clarence E. Anderson, Kennedy, N. Y., for details.

Battery B, 60th FA Bn., 9th Div.—Reunion, Canadensis, Pa., Sept. 4-6. For information write Wm. G. Skibinski, Canadensis, Pa.

56th Engineer Searchlights, WW1—Reunion, New York City, Aug. 29; Hotel New Yorker. Write William U. Yates, Secy., 1504 Kinsdale St., Philadelphia 26, Pa.

Co. I, 71st Infantry—Reunion, 71st Regt. Armory, Park Ave. and 34th St., New York City, April 18. Write Robert Ritchie, Co. I, 71st Infantry Armory, New York 16, N. Y.

34th Engineers, (both WWs)—18th annual reunion, Bellefontaine, Ohio, Aug. 30-Sept. 1; members 1164th and 1341st please take notice. Info from Alfred Koch, Pres., 1207 Berkshire Rd., Dayton 9, Ohio, or George Rempie, Secy., 2523 N. Main St., Dayton 5, Ohio.

Co. F, 168th Infantry, (WW2)—Reunion, Villisca, Iowa, July 5-6; American Legion Country Club. Write Edwards Reynolds, Villisca, Iowa.

Co. I, 102nd Infantry—Reunion, Berlin, Conn., April 19; Wonder Bar Restaurant. Info from Earl Girard, 5066 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

431st AAA AW Bn.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 27; Hotel Statler. Write Russell M. Turner, Secy., 66 Clifford Dr., Greentree, Pittsburgh 20, Pa.

305th FA Bn. and Regt.—Annual reunion dinner-dance, Midston House, 38th St. and Madison Ave., New York City, April 19. Info from John Wilkes, 28 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

51st Medical Bn.—Reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., June 8; Republican Club, 26 N. 2nd St. Contact Eugene F. Rabenstein, Cassatt Bldg., York, Pa.

301st Supply Train, 76th Div., (WW1)—34th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., April 26; Hotel Lenox. Write Leroy F. Merritt, 20 Waverly St., Brockton 50, Mass.

325th (Checkertail) Fighter Group, 15th Air Force—6th reunion, Providence, R. I., Aug. 1-3. All members 317th, 318th and 319th Fighter Sqdrns. contact Co-Chairman A. T. Frye or L. E. Oldham, 104 Market Ave. So., Canton, Ohio.

Co. C, 315th Ordnance Alumni—6th annual reunion, Boston, Mass., May 16-18; Hotel Puritan. Details from A. W. McDonald, Secy., 251 East 236th St., Bronx 70, New York.

USS Starr, (AKA 67)—2nd annual reunion, Sandusky, Ohio, July 8-10. Full info from C. L. Johnson, 2001 S. Fruitridge Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

"Black Catters" (VPB 11, 33, 34, 52 and 101)—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Labor Day week-end. Complete info from Thomas L. Burbee, Jr., 3213 N. E. Union Ave., Portland 12, Oregon.

325th FA Assn., 84th Div., (both WWs) and Auxiliary—5th annual reunion, Frankfort, Ind., June 14-15; Hotel Coulter. Write Paul Moore, Secy., 802 (A) West Poplar St., Frankfort, Ill., or Joseph W. Schultz, 2820 Brown St., Alton, Ill.

China-Burma-India Vets.—5th annual reunion, Omaha, Neb., Aug. 8-10. Full details from EX-CBI Roundup Magazine, 2402 Curtis St., Denver 5, Colo.

NOB, Palermo, Sicily—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 14; Roosevelt Room, Morrison Hotel. Reservation from W. A. Beam, P. O. Box 55, Moline, Ill.

52nd Seabees—5th annual reunion, New Orleans, La., Aug. 1-3; Jung Hotel. Details from John J. Haeuser, Secy., 1922 Alvar St., New Orleans, La.

403rd Bomb Sqdrn.—Reunion, Omaha, Neb., Oct., 1952. Info from Jay Kessler, 8922 Klinedale Ave., Rivera, Cal.

104th Infantry Reg. Vets. Assn.—Annual reunion, Springfield, Mass., April 25-27; Headquarters YD Club. Write Raymond S. Fuller, Chairman, YD Club, Springfield, Mass.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

JANUARY 31, 1952

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit....	\$ 796,715.22
Receivables	391,890.44
Inventories	429,326.45
Invested Funds	459,482.11
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 255,647.59
Employees' Retirement	
Trust Fund	1,238,308.90
Real Estate, less depreciation ...	916,726.43
Furniture and Fixtures, less	
depreciation	307,218.87
Deferred Charges	52,454.20
	<u>\$4,847,770.21</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 166,960.83
Funds restricted as to use	111,298.52
Deferred Income	1,375,671.91
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust	\$ 255,647.59
Employees' Retirement	
Trust	1,238,308.90
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund ..	23,464.13
Restricted Fund	17,939.98
Reserve for construction	
Wash. office ..	780,294.40
Real Estate	80,000.00
	<u>901,698.51</u>
Unrestricted Capital:	
Excess of Income over Expense	
1 Month	798,183.95
	<u>1,699,882.46</u>
	<u>\$4,847,770.21</u>

USS Ludlow, (DD 438)—Reunion, New York City, Aug. 1-3. Full details from Cal Custy, 56 No. Pearl St., Meriden, Conn.

Mineforce, 12th Naval Dist., Treasure Island, Cal.—Reunion WW2 personnel, San Francisco, Cal., October 25. Contact P. N. Chamblies, 548 5th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

73rd Seabee Assn.—3rd reunion, New Orleans, La., July 25-27; Jung Hotel. Write Edw. P. Dameron, Box 428, Hammond, La.

882nd FA Bn.—3rd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 16; Drake Hotel. Contact Lloyd Carey, Secy-Treas., 3839 No. Janssen Ave., Chicago 13, Ill.

512th FA Bn. Assn.—Reunion, New York City, April 26; Yugoslavia-American Hall, West 41st St. Write Louis Horowitz, 825 Gerard Ave., Bronx 51, N. Y.

643rd TD Bn.—Reunion, New York City, April 26; at 71st Armory, 34th St. and Park Ave. Info from John A. Wesenberg, 23 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 28, N. Y.

69th Signal Bn.—Reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., July 18-19. Details from Donald Day, 200 Newburgh Ave., Buffalo 15, N. Y.

24th Signal Co., 24th Inf. Div.—4th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 30-31. Contact Waynt Rugh, Room 333, YMCA, Columbus, Ohio.

USS Pigeon, (ASR 6), Asiatic Fleet—Personnel planning reunion, Thomson, Ga., at home of Captain R. E. Hawes, in October. All hands contact Chapcl. K. A. Buchanan, USN, Subgroup one, Lantresft, Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Co. C, 314th Ammunition Train, (WW1)—Annual reunion, Fremont, Neb., 1st Sunday in June. Write Ray L. Spath, Secy-Treas., Scribner, Neb.

57th Field Hospital Assn., (WW2)—2nd annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 12-14. Details and reservations from John B. Webb, Secy-Treas., 2021 Harlem, Joplin, Mo.

USN Base Hosp. 3, Espiritu Santos, New Hebrides—All hands, Cub 1 and 13 Medical units serving during the Guadalcanal campaign, all ranks; reunion June, 1952, during American Medical Assn. meeting. Write Dr. Albert S. Hyman, 450 E. 63rd St., New York 21, N. Y.

713th Railway Operating Vets.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 27-28; Del Prado Hotel. Contact Marvin Krinke, 1200 Lafond Ave., St. Paul, Minn., for details and reservations.

718th Railway Operating Bn.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 1-3. For details write Leo J. Sorgmann, Secy-Treas., 13 Banbury Court, Crestwood 19, Mo.

91st Seabees—4th annual reunion, Anderson, Ind., May 31-June 1; Hotel Anderson. Details from N. P. Sercomb, 514 N. Milwaukee St., Jackson, Mich.

Flying Tigers—American Volunteer Group in China—Reunion, Hollywood, Cal., June 27-29. Complete details from Dick Rossi, 1933 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

60th Seabees—Reunion, Streator, Ill., Aug. 30-31. Info from Mayor Dietman, 15 Bluff Place, Oak Hills, Streator, Ill.

450 Sub Depot, ETO, Sta. 128—1st reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., May 30-June 1. Contact Sam Seibert, Box 269, Elizabethtown, Pa.

554th QM Railroad Co.—Reunion, Indiana State Dunes Park, July 4-6. Contact Donald J. Jaunta, Secy-Treas., 838 169th Place, Hammond, Ind.

55th FA Bn., (WW2)—Reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., July 18-19. Write William H. Taylor, RD 1, Shermansdale, Pa.

144th Infantry Par Oneri Club—Reunion, all hands 144th Regt., 1917 to 1945, Longview, Texas, August 30-Sept. 1. Contact W. J. Hefner, Secy., P. O. Box 805, Fort Worth 1, Texas.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Co. 43-298, San Diego, and Naval Training School, Farragut, Idaho—Will anyone who remembers my late husband, Fred Kirkland, at above stations in 1943-44, please write. Statements necessary to secure benefits. Mrs. Fred Kirkland, P. O. Box 6324, Cedar Grove Sta., Shreveport, La.

8th Armored Div., Motorcycle units—Will anyone who remembers me and my blackouts, 1942-43, please write. Statements needed. David L. Watson, 726 So. Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Troop E, 11th Cav., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.—Will anyone who remembers Harrison A. Newton, (WW1 vet) please write. Statements needed for claims purposes. C. W. Barth, Adjutant, Post No. 1298, Memorial Home, Port Ewen, N. Y.

Santa Ana Army Air Base—Urgently need to locate Harold Watkins, CO Pre-flight Squadron; statements needed for claim. Morton (Moe) Cohn, 724 Washington St., Monroe, Mich.

Sv. Battery, 667th FA Bn., Camp Bowie, Texas—Need to contact men who served with me in 1944; statements needed for claim. Walter L. Smith, Rt. 2, West Frankfort, Ill.

Co. C, 7th Bn., 2nd Regt.—Need to hear from Pmts. Paul Walker, Gerald Johnson, Richards and Sgt. Spencer, or anyone who knows of my fall on the obstacle course at Ft. McClellan in September, 1945, when I struck my back on a pick in a foxhole. Need statements. Ward Hebert, 1209 St. Joseph St., Marshfield, Wis.

2nd Bn., 291st Inf., 75th Div.—Need to hear from men who served with my late son, Pfc. Charles K. Colquitt, particularly his battalion commander, Lt. Col. Jesse C. Drain, Jr., and his company commander. Received injuries in Battle of Bulge. Mrs. Flora Colquitt, 518 17th St., Talladega, Ala.

108th FA, or 103rd Engineers, Advance Section, (WW1)—Will anyone who remembers me being gassed at Verines on the first night of action, please write. Statements urgently needed. William Kenenelly, (Indian Bill), Beech Creek, Pa.

24th General Hospital, Fort Benning, Ga.—Need to locate men who were in above hospital in 1943, especially the Sergeant in charge of the dispensary. Statements needed. James L. (Louie) Thompson, (cook), 3324 Bishop St., Little Rock, Ark.

TSU, SGO, DMD 9963, Valley Forge Gen. Hosp., Phoenixville, Pa.—Will anyone who remembers me in service at above hospital, Nov. 1949-Jan. 1950, please write. Claim for service-connection pending. Thomas Harold Nash, c/o Eastern Okla. State Sanitarium, Talihama, Okla.

8th Airship Co., Camp Owen Biernie, Texas—Need to locate men who served with me this station in 1920-21. Claim pending. Francis A. Codd, 4117 Carlton St., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Troop A, 10th Cavalry, Fort Riley and Camp Funston—Urgently need to locate men who served with me and know of my being thrown from a horse. Claim pending. Fred C. Braidey, c/o George L. Giles Post No. 87, American Legion, 5745 S. State St., Chicago 21, Ill.

267th QM Bn., South Pacific, also Engineers at Montevilla—Will anyone who remembers me sustaining spinal, back and head injuries please write. Particularly need to hear from Capt. Louis T. VanEman, Lt. Paul Powell, Lt. Louis Champion, Sgt. Howard Swanson, Huey F. Walker, Gus Standavent, Cpl. James Nelson, Cpl. Herman Perrie, Pvt. Joseph Jones, Pvt. Philip Roberson, Pvt. Eddie Washington, and Pvt. Herman Stokes. Claim pending. Charles E. White, 1528 Mississippi Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

133rd Combat Engineers—Urgently need to hear from anyone who was captured with me at Metz, France, Aug. 29, 1944. Need help to confirm injury received that day. Remembers Murray, Bronx, N. Y., and Sgt. Petcock, Ky. Write Elmer C. Williams, Rt. 1, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

PFC William J. Coyne—Urgent that I locate men who know of the circumstances leading up to the death of this man in Paris, on Dec. 5, 1944. Must have statements to prove pension claim for widow and two children. Please write Samuel E. Miller, 12 Hollywood Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

30th Infantry, 3rd Div.—Need to hear from Lt. George Henderson, Bn. Scout Officer at Marne River, July 15, 1918; also Capt. Wyman, Medical Corps, and Miss Ferguson, Nurse at Gen. Hosp. 1, Bronx, N. Y., 1918-19, or any who were patients in Ward 48 from Dec. 1918 to May, 1919. Write Ray F. Santy, RD 2, Constable, N. Y.

(Continued on page 36)

YEOMEN (F) SETS REUNION WITH NEW YORK CONVENTION

The 26th annual reunion of the National Yeomen (F) organization will be held with the National Convention of The American Legion in New York City, August 24-28. Highlight of the affair will be the annual dinner on Wednesday, August 27, at the Brass Rail Restaurant, 521 Fifth Avenue, starting at 6 p.m.

Reservations for the cocktail party and dinner (\$5 per person, including gratuity) should be made with Miss Veronica E. Costello, Chairman, 124 E. 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

The National Yeomen (F) was organized in 1926 during the American Legion Convention in Philadelphia, and annual reunions of the group have been held since that time. All of the 10,073 young women who were accepted for U. S. Navy service between April 7, 1917, and November 11, 1918, are eligible for membership.

Reno Post Stages Big Event

Reno (Nevada) Post No. 10 staged a big mass initiation on the night of February 5, the largest ever held in its home Department, with its newly organized ritual team doing the honors. Arthur S. Jackson, a member of the Paiute Indian Tribe, Nixon, Nevada's most decorated WW2 soldier was a member of the class. Distinguished guests were Governor Charles Russell, Department Commander Archie Pozzi, Jr., and National Executive Committeeman Thomas W. Miller.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 35)

Co. B, SATC, Auburn, Ala.—Need to locate Sgt. Richard Helmer, believed to be from New Orleans, and Lt. Thompson, probably from Fort Smith, Ark., in above outfit in 1918. Claim pending. Write P. D. Beverett, Box 234, Vernon, Fla. 346th Engineers—Will anyone who served with me at Kimbolton Airfield, England, in 1943, please write. Need statements to support pending claim. Lester L. Westberg, 127 Knight St., Pontiac, R. I.

Hdqrs. Battery, 881st FA Bn., 69th Div.—Need to hear from anyone who served with me in ETO, Dec. 1944, to June, 1945. Need help to establish claim. Edward W. O'Neil, 391 Glen Street, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Co. A, 2nd Bn., SC RTC—Will any members of this outfit who served with me at Camp Kohler, Cal., in April, 1943, please write; particularly Cpl. Raymond Collar, Michael Hickey, Cpl. William Mulhearn, 1st Lt. Niles, or anyone who knows present addresses of these men. Statements needed. Kenneth H. McCarty, 56 N. Sherman St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Co. B, 246th Engineers, C Bn.—Urgently need to locate Pfc. Vern M. Krom, who was in hospital with me at Fort Lewis, Wash. Claim pending. Write Lloyd J. Meadows, Walloon Lake, Mich.

503rd Parachute Infantry, 11th Airborne Div.—Rudy L. Vega urgently needs help to establish his claim, will anyone who remembers him please write. Trained at Fort Benning; injured there in training jump; treated for malaria in Pacific; said to have made jumps at Nuenfor, New Guinea, and Corregidor, Manila Bay. Claim held up for further proof; write Charles W. Lindell, Adjutant, Fontana Post No. 26, American Legion, Fontana, Cal.

U. S. Navy Base Team, Memphis, Tenn.—Will former team-mates and service comrades of Kenneth E. Day on above team, please contact the following. Statements needed to establish service connection. Write Mrs. Della Day, 814 Madison Ave., Toppenish, Wash., or Haney J. LeBlanc, American Legion Service Officer, Toppenish, Wash.

Battery B, 103rd FA, 26th Div.—Need to locate Lawrence C. Beebe, formerly Logansport, Ind., and Reuben J. Mitchell, formerly Cassette, Mass. Please write; statements needed for claim. Charlie L. McCulley, Guntown, Miss.

APRIL THEME IS RELIGION IN LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN

The week of April 17th has been designated by National Chaplain Reverend O. G. Birkeland as a time for placing special emphasis on the importance of religion in the lives of children. Reverend Birkeland has requested the co-operation of all American Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units in publicizing an appeal to parents to make religion an integral part of family life.

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion in 1949 authorized the National Chaplain to designate a week each April for this purpose. For the past 15 years April has been American Legion child welfare month, and the week set aside for religious observance in recent years has become a highlight of this annual event.

Colonel Goes Back to School

From Army brass to academic robes is the current story of 57-year-old Oral Guy Layman, Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired, who is now a senior at Salem (West Virginia) College. His record is an interesting one: distinguished service in two World Wars; top leadership in the West Virginia National Guard; Mayor of Salem; charter member and Past Commander of P. Hale Samples Post No. 35, American Legion, and other civic and business activities. As a student, he rates high—so high that he is one of the 9 seniors of his college who are listed in the 1951-52 *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges*.

MISSING IN KOREA

This is a new column set apart for seeking information about service personnel lost or missing in the Korean conflict. Its use will be strictly limited to that area, and to those lost or missing as a result of military action. We can not expand the column to include "missing persons" generally, or for the purpose of renewing contact with old comrades.

Co. I, 31st Infantry—Will anyone who knew Patrick K. Creagan previous to Dec. 3, 1950, the date he is listed as missing in action, please write Lawrence Creagan, Centerville, Iowa.

Medical Co., 3rd Bn., 38th Inf.—Sgt. David A. Schreffler, missing in action near Hoensong, Korea, February 12, 1951. Will anyone who knows about him please write his mother, Mrs. Edward Schreffler, Rt. 2, Selinsgrove, Pa.

Co. C, 19th Infantry—Will anyone who knows anything about Pfc. Leonard W. E. Jinks, reported missing in action July 16, 1950, at Hun-ni, Korea, please write his mother, Mrs. William Klusman, RR 3, Box 104, Batesville, Ind.

Co. F, 9th Infantry—Will service comrades please write anything they may know about my brother, Pfc. Donald O. Albert, reported missing Aug. 30, 1951, in vicinity of Yanggu, North Korea. Address Merlin E. Albert, 513 Rice St., Horicon, Wis.

Co. K, 9th Infantry—Pfc. Raymond H. Miller, reported missing in action at Chowan-ri, South Korea, Feb. 12, 1951. Write wife, Mrs. Ruth N. Miller, 130 So. Hellertown Ave., Quakertown, Pa.

Co. D, 3rd Engineer Combat Bn., 24th Div.—Will anyone who knew Cpl. Earl J. Huff, reported missing in action since Aug. 2, 1950, or know just what happened to him that day at Naegong-ni, when he was left to blow a road crater please write his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Huff, 7761 Baxter St., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

Medical Co., 9th Infantry—Pfc. Glen M. Dupuy, missing since Dec. 1, 1950, in the Kunuri, North Korea area; nicknamed "Scoop" or "Doc." Will service comrades please write his mother, Mrs. Glen Dupuy, 724 N. Norton Ave., Tucson, Ariz.

Co. I, 34th Infantry—Will anyone who knows anything about John Rozear, missing since July 29, 1950, write his sister, Mrs. Florence Marozzi, 7 Fleetwing Dr., Bristol, Pa.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

Income Budget—1952

General Income:	
Dues @ 25¢	\$ 675,000.00
Dues prior years	750.00
S.A.L. Due @ 25¢	1,500.00
S.A.L. Dues prior years	100.00
Publications:	
Subscriptions @ 75¢	2,025,000.00
Subscriptions prior years	2,250.00
Advertising	1,225,000.00
Purchase discount	8,000.00
Miscellaneous	30,000.00
Emblem Sales, net	120,000.00
Reserve Fund, earnings	6,000.00
Purchase discount	1,000.00
Rent, Capitol Ave.	
Building	\$21,450.00
Less: Depreciation,	
Ins. & Taxes	14,238.00
Interest on Emblem inventory	9,000.00
Miscellaneous	1,200.00
	\$4,112,012.00

Restricted Income:

For Rehabilitation:	
Dues @ 25¢	675,000.00
Dues prior years	0.00
1/2 Endowment Earnings	75,000.00
American Legion Auxiliary	30,000.00

For Child Welfare:

1/2 Endowment Earnings	75,000.00
American Legion Auxiliary	10,000.00
Forty & Eight	50,000.00
Eight & Forty	2,500.00
	\$ 137,500.00

Expense Budget—1952

Internal Affairs, Indpls.	\$ 230,764.00
Field Service	60,786.00
Membership & Post Activities ...	91,393.00
Internal Affairs, Wash.	40,668.00
Economic	42,827.00
Americanism	117,673.00
Legislative	77,282.00
Public Relations	133,209.00
Finance	72,099.00
Executive	152,934.00
Security	48,497.00
Publications	3,090,254.00
Rehabilitation	658,123.00
Child Welfare	131,059.00
Partial retirement of notes payable	80,000.00
	\$5,027,568.00
Reserve against membership ...	1,944.00
	\$5,029,512.00

DONALD R. WILSON,
National Commander

NEAL GRIDER,
National Treasurer

NATIONAL FINANCE COMMISSION:
William J. Dwyer, Chairman, New York
Harold P. Redden, Vice Chairman, Mass.
James A. Lane, Alabama
Clarence E. Cross, Illinois
John D. Ewing, Louisiana
Clyde E. Rankin, Pennsylvania
Leon V. McCordle, California

**Now you may win
as much as \$10,000**

**with a single
dollar donation
in this excitingly different**

AMERICAN LEGION PUZZLE CONTEST

**\$30,000
IN PRIZES**

**Now... A NEW KIND OF CONTEST
RUN BY YOUR LEGION—FOR YOUR LEGION'S**

WELFARE AND SERVICE PROGRAM

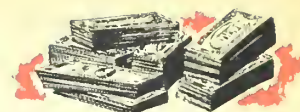
Now! You can use everyday common sense to help you solve puzzle clues!

Now! You need complete only one simple puzzle to enter this contest!

Now! You support your Welfare and Service Program with each entry!

**NO OTHER PUZZLE CONTEST OFFERS
YOU SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE!**

Enter Now—You'll Find Everything on the Following Pages



*** FIRST PRIZE
\$10,000**



*** SECOND PRIZE
1952 FORD STATION
WAGON or \$2,500
(at the election of the contestant)**



*** THIRD PRIZE
\$1,000**



*** FOURTH PRIZE
\$1,000**



*** NEXT SIX PRIZES
each \$500**



**NEXT TEN PRIZES
each 20" ADMIRAL
NEWEST-MODEL
T-V SETS
each retails at \$289.95**



**NEXT 200 PRIZES
each REMINGTON RAND
ELECTRIC SHAVERS
nationally advertised at \$27.50**



**NEXT 250 PRIZES
each TELECHRON
PERSONALITY
ELECTRIC CLOCKS
as advertised in Life at \$11.95**

*An additional 10% of each cash prize will be awarded as a special bonus to The American Legion Post designated on the winner's contest entry form.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK:
LEGION PUZZLE CONTEST No. 1

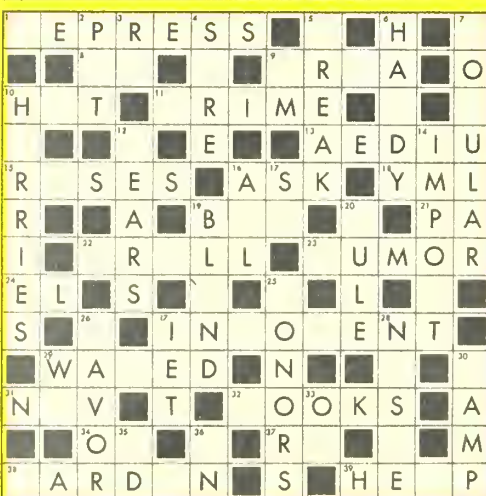
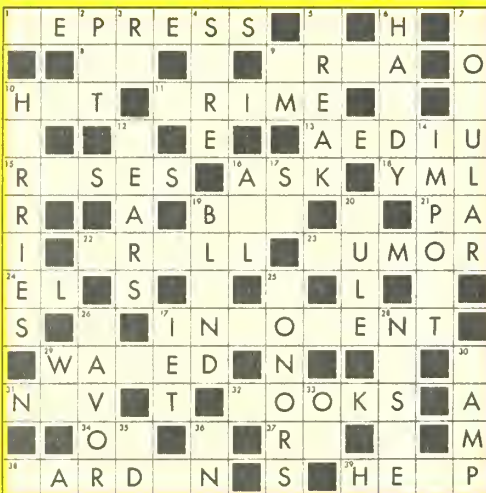
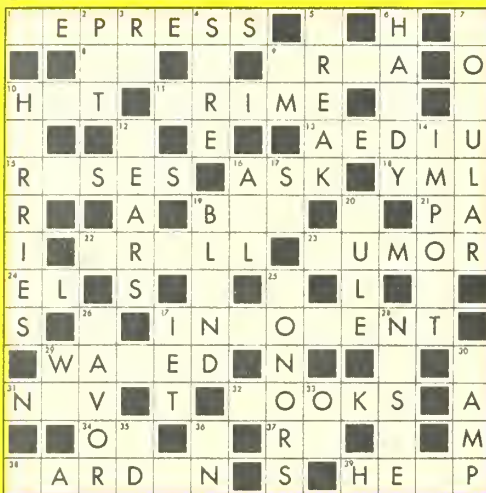
I understand that my entry will be judged on the basis of the best solution submitted by me, and I agree to accept the rules of this contest and the decision of the judges as binding upon me. Enclosed is my contribution of \$1.00 or more (in ☐ cash ☐ money order) to the CONTEST COMMITTEE, AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPT. A3, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

American Legion Post No. _____



IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! IT'S DIFFERENT!

You May Win as Much as
10,000 Times Your Donation

Yes—just a few moments spent in solving this one simple puzzle may win you the \$10,000 first prize. Everything you need is right on these pages. Start on your winning solution NOW!

Here Is All You Do!

1. Read the puzzle clues on this page carefully. Use your everyday common sense to decide the correct answer to each of them. Then fill out one of the three partially completed puzzle forms on the entry blank.

2. Now stop and reconsider each answer in your puzzle solution. Are you in doubt about any of them? If so, use the other puzzle forms on the same entry blank for alternate solutions. There is only one puzzle in the contest—and for each dollar donation you get three chances to submit a winning solution. You are not required to complete the puzzle three times. Just fill out a second and third solution if you are not satisfied with your first effort.

3. Fill in your name and address where indicated on each entry blank bearing your solutions. Cut along the dotted line and mail—with a donation of one dollar or more for each entry form—to The Legion Contest Committee. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT! Sound simple? It is simple! There's nothing tricky about this contest. Now, let your common sense help you win the fortune you've always dreamed about. Start working on your prize-winning solutions today.

If you've already entered the American Legion Puzzle Contest, remember you can better your chances with additional entries! Each contestant is allowed to enter this contest as many as nine times—that means 27 opportunities (three on each entry form) to solve the one simple puzzle. Mail your additional entries today! Act now—you may win as much as \$10,000 while helping your Legion's Welfare and Service Program.

Here are your Clues to Puzzle No. 1

ACROSS

- 1 When enjoying ourselves, we are apt keenly to resent any attempt to _____ us.
- 9 Space.
- 10 What any "angel" hopes for.
- 11 Hands that are soiled with _____ can sometimes repel even true love.
- 13 Adieu jumbled.
- 15 A cynical lover sometimes has to resort to _____ to win a worldly lady.
- 16 Question.
- 19 A tyro Thespian usually starts with a _____ part.
- 22 To _____ excessively can destroy the balance of even a strong-minded man.
- 23 It is wiser to dismiss _____ than to rely on it.
- 27 Discontented workers often tend to be _____.
- 29 A wise man will tread slowly on finding that his reputation has unaccountably _____.
- 31 The severing State—abbrev.
- 32 Women appear more easily excited than men by _____.
- 34 In contact with.
- 38 A prisoner sometimes has to work hard for his _____.
- 39 A scoundrel often turns a woman's head with _____ of lies.

DOWN

- 2 Handy for a true barbecue.
- 3 Concerning.
- 4 The more sophisticated a man, the more _____ he is about woman's fickleness.
- 5 Unless you are jittery, a _____ should not frighten you, even on a dark, dreary night.
- 6 After marriage, women often discover that their husbands are not as _____ as they seemed.
- 7 Young career girls are apt to dislike men who strive to be _____ with them.
- 9 Exist.
- 10 A woman who _____ a man into marrying her often regrets it.
- 12 We are apt to be irritated by people who find our _____ amusing.
- 14 The fact that it is an _____ often intends to mislead us as to its true value.
- 16 Make ill.
- 19 A true gentleman is apt to prefer a _____ young lady for a wife.
- 20 Sometimes it may take daring and courage to break a _____.
- 25 Today, more than ever, a university is cautious with its _____.
- 26 Gourmets _____ highly seasoned food to insure good eating.
- 27 Tie jumbled.
- 28 A town in France taken by the Germans in 1914 and retaken by the French in 1918.
- 29 _____ the people.
- 30 Often has deceptive innocent appearance.
- 33 Obiter dictum—abbrev.
- 35 Border state—abbrev.
- 36 Born in San Francisco.

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

How Common Sense Solved These Sample Clues

Carefully study the reasoning applied in answering these sample questions. By applying the same type of sound logic, your common sense can help you obtain a prize-winning solution to the contest puzzle. Don't rush—your first impulse may be wrong—think out all possible answers to each question before deciding on the one correct answer. If doubts remain send in additional sets of solutions.

THE CLUE:

It's apt to embitter aging employees when the boss says he wants to _____ them.

THE CLUE:

A school-boy who makes the most of his _____ usually is acclaimed by his fellow students.

PUZZLE SPACES:

	E	S	T	
--	---	---	---	--

At first glance there seems to be two correct solutions—TEST or REST. But using our common sense the one correct solution, TEST, becomes apparent. Aging employees are more likely embittered when their boss says he wants to TEST them than when he stays he merely wants to REST them. A TEST would be a reflection on an aging employee's ability to work—something he would surely feel bitter about. A REST, however, carries no such reflection with it and hence ordinarily would not result in bitter feeling.

PUZZLE SPACES:

	B	R	A		N
--	---	---	---	--	---

The word BRAIN seems to be correct on first inspection. But stop to consider, and you realize there is another possible solution—BRAWN. If you will recall who received the greatest acclaim from fellow schoolmates—the captain of the algebra team or the captain of the football team—you will understand why BRAWN is the one, logical, common sense answer. The letter "W" should be placed in the blank space.

Be Sure to Read These Official Rules

1. WHO MAY ENTER: THE CLEAR THINKING PUZZLE CONTEST is open only to residents of the 48 states and the District of Columbia, with the exception of employees of the National Headquarters of The American Legion and members of the armed forces (because of the uncertainty of addresses) and also any person or any member of his family who at any time prior to this contest has won FIVE HUNDRED (\$500.00) DOLLARS or more, in cash or goods, in any other puzzle contest.

2. HOW TO COMPETE: This contest is based upon common sense, clear thinking and logic. There may be several choices as to which word most adequately meets the meaning of the clues. Therefore be sure to study the clues carefully. Study the sample solutions provided for your guidance. Our judges will determine the correct solution on the basis of common sense, clear thinking and logic, and in addition, on the basis of the judgment, skill and taste employed by the contestant. Words must be used in accordance with the meanings and definitions given for them in standard dictionaries.

3. THE PRIZES: Total of THIRTY THOUSAND (\$30,000.00) DOLLARS in cash and goods shall be awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE \$10,000.00
SECOND PRIZE 2,500.00
or a 1952 Ford Statian Wagon
(at the election of the contestant)
THIRD PRIZE 1,000.00
FOURTH PRIZE 1,000.00
NEXT SIX PRIZES (each) 500.00

NEXT TEN PRIZES (each) 20" Admiral TV sets
NEXT 200 PRIZES (each)
Remington Rand electric razors nationally
advertised at \$27.50 each.
NEXT 250 PRIZES (each)
Telechron Personality electric clocks as advertised
in Life at \$11.95 each.

4. HOW TO ENTER: For each contribution of ONE (\$1.00) DOLLAR in cash or postal money order only, the contestant may submit one, two or three completed entries. The maximum number of entries shall not exceed twenty-seven (27) for each contest. The contest will run for four (4) months. These restrictions shall in no way prevent the donor from contributing more than NINE (\$9.00) DOLLARS to the Welfare and Service Program. All solutions must be submitted on official entries (or official printed puzzles.) The date of entry shall be determined by the postmark on the envelope containing the entry; (but in no way does The American Legion assume the responsibility for delivery of mail.) Contestants are required to inform The American Legion of any change of address. All entries become the property of the sponsor and will not be returned. All entries must be in ink. Pencilled, mutilated or altered words will disqualify the contestant for that particular puzzle only. Only one prize can be won by a contestant in each contest. In no event will the contest committee enter into any correspondence with a contestant except as specifically provided herein.

5. IF THERE ARE TIES: Five numbered additional tie-breaking puzzles will be sent to the tied contestants. The contest judges will first judge the solutions to tie-breaking puzzle number one and so on to number five, if needed. Should the tie-breaking puzzles result in additional ties, new sets of puzzles (subject to the same rules) will be sent until all ties are broken. Each contestant will be required to submit his solutions to each set of tie-breaking puzzles within fourteen (14) days from the date of mailing. The tie-breakers will be similar in form but more difficult than the original puzzle.

6. ADDITIONAL CONDITIONS OF CONTEST: On entering the contest each contestant represents that solutions submitted under these rules are his individual effort without assistance from any person, not a member of his or her immediate family, and that such solutions were neither purchased nor obtained by collusion from any person, group or source. Affidavits to this effect will be required of the winners. The American Legion will not be responsible for entries delayed or lost in the mail, either from the Legion to the contestant or from the contestant to the Legion. The American Legion will not be responsible for damage or destruction of solutions resulting from an act of God, strikes or war.

7. DECISION OF THE JUDGES: The contestant agrees upon entering the contest that the decision of the judges shall be final. And that all matters pertaining to the actual conduct of the contest, the determination of the winners, the time limits involved, and any and all measures utilized to determine that the solutions were the efforts of the contestant himself and to guarantee equality of opportunity in competing for the prizes shall be in the sole control of the judges, and that their decision in all of these matters shall be final and conclusive.

8. IN THE EVENT OF ANY DISPUTES: The contestant agrees upon entering this contest, that in the event of any dispute, disagreement or litigation arising thereunder, the Laws of the State of Indiana shall govern. No suit shall be instituted with respect to a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, stating in clear language the grounds for such claim has been sent by registered mail to: The Contest Committee National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana within two (2) weeks after the announcements of the winners.

9. WHEN TO ENTER: All entries to The American Legion Puzzle Contest No. 1 must be postmarked prior to midnight June 15th, 1952 and received no later than July 5th, 1952 at: THE CONTEST COMMITTEE, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK: LEGION PUZZLE CONTEST No. 1

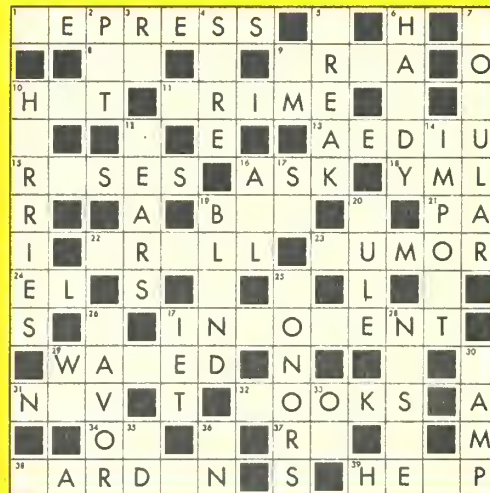
I understand that my entry will be judged on the basis of the best solution submitted by me, and I agree to accept the rules of this contest and the decision of the judges as binding upon me. Enclosed is my contribution of \$1.00 or more (in ☐ cash ☐ money order) to the CONTEST COMMITTEE, AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPT. A3, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

American Legion Post No. _____



CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

*Every Dollar You Donate
Helps Support Our Great Cause...*

THE AMERICAN LEGION WELFARE AND SERVICE PROGRAM



With each dollar or more you donate, you gain a chance to win \$10,000—and, at the same time, lend a helping hand to hospitalized vets... to needy children... to widows and orphans of servicemen killed in action... to the proper education of your children... to the exposure of dangerous Communist elements in America and countless other important jobs The Legion's Welfare and

Service Program is doing in your community.

So don't wait! You may win a fortune in cash, a luxurious 1952 Ford Station Wagon, a big screen Admiral television set, a famous Remington Rand electric shaver—any of the 470 big prizes may be yours when you donate a single dollar or more to our great cause. Remember, we must never relax in the tremendous task of attracting funds for our programs of **VETERAN'S REHABILITATION, CHILD WELFARE, NATIONAL SECURITY and AMERICANISM.** Every contribution to



The American Legion Welfare and Service Program supports all of these vital activities. Our responsibility to the Vet and the community in which he lives has never ended! Your help is needed now—send your donation and entry form to the Legion Contest Committee without delay.

ALL THESE IMPORTANT PROGRAMS BENEFIT

Service to more than 100,000 disabled veterans with claims each year
• Assistance to widows and orphans of veterans and servicemen • Regular, government-approved inspection of care and treatment of patients in veterans hospitals • Social and welfare work for needy children • Good-citizenship training for youth • National program of boys' baseball, with more than 1,000,000 participating • Promotion of American history and Constitution study through contests for school children • College scholarship awards • Promotion of Boy Scout work • National marksmanship training • Providing expert advice and counsel on veterans affairs and national security to government and government agencies • Promotion of better national security • Study and exposure of dangerous communist and fascist elements in America • And many others . . .

Don't Delay—Mail Your Common Sense Answers Today To The Legion's

\$30,000 PUZZLE CONTEST

LET COMMON SENSE HELP!

You don't have to be an expert! It's fun to enter this simple entertaining contest that lets your plain everyday common sense help you come up with the right answers. Always remember that you will be judged on the basis of your best solution.

SOLVE ONLY ONE PUZZLE

If you alone successfully solve it, you'll win the \$10,000 First Prize. In case of ties, additional puzzles—similar to the original in form but more difficult—will be submitted until all ties are broken.

ENTER AS MANY AS 9 TIMES!

An additional one dollar or more donation gives you an opportunity to submit 3 more solutions to the one puzzle in the contest. If in doubt about any answers, better your chances with additional entries.

YOUR LEGION BENEFITS!

This new Puzzle Contest gives you a chance to win huge prizes while supporting a worthy cause. Every time you enter, your donation carries forward the urgently needed work of the American Legion's Welfare and Service Program.

**CONTEST COMMITTEE
AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
Dept. A3, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

Veterans Newsletter

APRIL, 1952

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

VET RESPONSIBLE FOR GI LOANS:

Vets who have GI guarantees or loans on their homes remain personally responsible for the payment of the loan if they sell and let the purchasers assume payments on the loan. . . . VA warns that WW2 vets should not sell their property without making certain that their interests are fully protected. . . . The best way to do that is to have the purchaser pay cash or arrange a loan in his own name. . . . Failure to follow this plan has caused a lot of vets a lot of grief.

Property is more easily sold with the favorable 4 percent GI mortgage remaining in effect—a factor that sometimes influences the selling price. . . . However, vets selling property with the GI loan intact run the risk of later having to pay all or part of the debt resulting from the default of the new owner. . . . It works this way: Should the new owner of the property fail to keep up the mortgage payments, the holder of the GI mortgage can foreclose. . . . When the proceeds of the sale resulting from foreclosure do not cover the amount of the GI loan outstanding, the difference may remain a debt against the vet. . . . The VA has to pay the holder of the mortgage for the guaranteed portion of the debt. . . . The vet in whose name the loan stands will then owe the Government the net amount of that payment, plus interest.

Under certain conditions, VA might agree to release the veteran's liability and substitute the purchaser who assumed the debt, without impairing the guarantee. . . . This is done generally to cure or avoid default. . . . Vets faced with difficulties of probable foreclosure on properties they have sold with the GI mortgage in effect should consult their Legion Service Officer, or get advice from the nearest VA Regional Office.

LEGION ENTERTAINMENTS TAX EXEMPT:

Posts, Units and Voitures may be able to save a considerable amount of money for their treasuries, charitable and welfare work by observing the provisions of Section 1701 of the Internal Revenue Code. . . . This section provides for tax exemption on admission tickets to entertainments and events given for religious, educational or charitable purposes, or for the exclusive benefit of a church, educational institution, charitable or veterans organization. . . . Specifically, the exemption clause applies to The American Legion, its "Posts, or organization of war veterans, or auxiliary units or societies or any such Posts or organizations, if such Posts, Units or societies are organized in the United States, or any of its possessions, and if no part of the net earnings inures to the benefit of any private stockholder or individual."

Application must be made for the exemption provided. . . . Use Treasury Department Form No. 755, obtainable from the office of your Collector of Internal Revenue, and file with the Collector before the event takes place. . . . Get authorization for tax exemption before holding the entertainment—otherwise the Post or Unit may be stuck with a big tax bill.

SENATE BARS SELECTIVE SERVICE TRANSFER:

Hoover Commission proposal to transfer the Selective Service system from its independent status to the Bureau of Labor was rejected by the Senate Committee on Executive Expenditures on February 20. . . . The bill was viewed unfavorably at a sub-committee meeting before consideration by the full committee. . . . The vote of disapproval was unanimous.

CONCHIES MUST WORK OUT DRAFT TIME:

Draft-eligible conscientious objectors were ordered by President Truman, on February 21, to work 24 consecutive months in civilian jobs approved by their draft boards. . . . This order affects about 8,200 men registered as conchies.

HOLIDAY BONUS FOR WW2 CIVILIAN WORKERS:

Controller General Warren has rejected all claims filed by civilian employees at Army and Navy installations for extra pay on legal holidays during WW2. . . . The General Accounting Office has received more than 50,000 claims as a result of a Supreme Court ruling upholding gratuity pay and other holiday benefits to Government Printing Office employees. . . . Basis for rejection of other claims of civilians is that Army and Navy have no wage agreement with their employees similar to the GPO accord. . . . Warren suggested that Army and Navy workers stop filing claims "to avoid needless expenditure of public funds."

ILLINOIS AUDITOR HOLDS BONUS CHECKS:

Continuous follow-up from the office of State Auditor Benjamin O. Cooper, Springfield, Illinois, during the past three years (using this Vetletter as one of the media) has reduced the unclaimed Illinois WW1 and WW2 bonus checks in total amount of undelivered money from more than \$300,000 to approximately \$40,000. . . . But Auditor Cooper still has unclaimed—or returned to his office as undelivered—76 WW2 checks ranging in amount from \$50 to \$900. . . . He also has 120 WW1 checks with a range of \$6 to \$300. . . . Illinois vets—if you made application for either WW1 or WW2 State bonus and failed to get your check—get in touch with State Auditor Cooper. . . . He may have some good news for you.

GYRENES MAY RE-UP AT OLD GRADE:

Marine Corps has modified its rules to permit enlisted Regulars and Reserves who have separated themselves from the Corps, to re-enlist within one year without loss of rank. . . . Previously a brief separation resulted in loss of rank. . . . It is believed this softening of the rule will induce more combat-experienced men to re-enlist. . . . Also, the Corps plans to obtain 1,000 commissioned officers from the enlisted ranks, drawn from senior non-commissioned officers, and from the qualified younger men who can meet the standards. . . . Some 85 percent of Marine Corps officers have had enlisted service.

DENTISTS TO BE CALLED TO ACTIVE SERVICE:

During the month of April, 335 dentists will be called to the colors, according to a Defense Department announcement. . . . Of these, 85 will go to the Army; 200 to the Navy, and 50 to the Air Force. . . . Dentists to be inducted are Priority I registrants who participated as students in the Army Specialized Training Program, or similar Navy program, and those who were deferred from service during WW2 who have had less than 90 days in the Armed Forces.

YOU HAVE 72 HOURS TO SAVE A SOLDIER:

Seventy-two hours after you give a pint of blood so badly needed by the Army in Korea, you may be saving the life of a wounded man. . . . Almost within minutes after the blood is taken it starts on its way to the place it is needed most. . . . First stop is a West Coast processing laboratory. . . . Thirty-eight hours later it arrives in Japan. . . . From there it is rushed by air to field hospitals and mobile surgical units near the front lines in Korea. . . . Within minutes after a soldier is hit by a bullet or shell frag, an Army Medical Corps man is usually at his side. . . . The wounded soldier is given first aid and sped to a battalion station. . . . There your blood—given only three days before—is transfused into the soldier's veins. . . . That pint of blood might well be the difference between life and death. . . . So, no appeal could be stronger—the need was never greater—give a pint of blood to save a life.

PAY FOR CORRECTION OF RECORD SLOWED:

Service personnel and veterans who have filed claims for back pay under Public Law 220, 82nd Congress—which allows payment following correction of military or naval records—have a wait for their money ahead of them. . . . Claims are being processed, but are bound by the usual red tape of governmental adjudication machinery. . . . PL 220 authorizes heads of military departments to make such payments, provided payment has not been made under a private law. . . . Also excluded are claims for which the petitioner might subsequently become entitled under VA laws and regulations. . . . All such claims filed are sent to the field pay offices and are then returned to the Washington Finance Office for settlement.

VA CUTS A BIT OF RED TAPE:

VA regulations now permit "certification" rather than "notarization," of written testimony in support of service-connection for purposes of veterans' benefits. . . . The change affects all lay or medical written testimony submitted by, or in behalf of, a claimant to prove entitlement to VA service-connected benefits. . . . Marking something of a

trend to get away—when feasible—from the notarized affidavit, the change meets objections of medical men who, while not opposed to the principle of the affidavit, did protest the time-waste in hunting up a notary. . . . In making certificate as to the validity of the statement, the doctor must specify whether his evidence is based upon office records or memory.

SUMMER TRAINING FOR RESERVISTS:

Army has announced that 190,000 Reserve Officers and enlisted men will have field training and at Army schools this year. . . . 160,000 have been allocated for 15 days of active duty for training on a mandatory basis. . . . Of this number, 44,000 will be officers, and 105,000 enlisted Reservists. . . . Another 11,000 Reserve officers holding individual mobilization designations will get the 15-day mandatory training tours. . . . In addition, 2,000 recruits in the ORC without prior military service are authorized to serve a tour with an active Army training division. . . . 15-day tours of summer field training, other active duty, or attendance at school are authorized for 15,000 officers of the Volunteer Reserve.

NATURALIZATION FOR ALIEN GIs:

House has passed a bill (H. R. 401) to expedite naturalization of aliens serving with the Armed Forces since beginning of Korean hostilities. . . . About 58,000 aliens are now in uniform, says Representative Francis E. Walter, Pennsylvania, sponsor of bill. . . . If enacted by Senate, measure would cover aliens in Armed Forces from June 25, 1950, to June 30, 1955.

LEGION LAUNCHES "OPERATION VICTORY":

Legion has launched "Operation Victory," an aggressive counter-offensive in Congress to save the VA from dismemberment, and the entire veterans' program from destruction. . . . Threat comes from the Hoover Commission reorganization bills, which if passed by Congress will strip the VA and reduce it to a mere "benefits section;" destroy veterans' preference in Government employ; combine all VA hospitals in a general group under a Department of Health; set up an insurance corporation, and wipe out VA hospital construction service. . . . Legion vigorously opposes the bills affecting veterans which, in the name of economy, would create new bureaus and divisions; scatter the vet service over a multitude of agencies—in fact the Legion firmly believes, after long study and analysis of the present system, that no real economies would be effected, while service to veterans would be sadly crippled.

National Commander Donald R. Wilson has issued a ringing call to arms to the combined strength of 4,000,000 Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and Forty and Eighters to add their protest to the Hoover Report bills as they affect veterans. . . . "Operation Victory" cannot fail if the voice of the veteran is heard in Washington. . . . These measures vitally affect every Legionnaire—every veteran, present and prospective. . . . Organize your Posts, Units and Voitures for "Operation Victory". . . . Write your Congressman and Senators today. . . . Tell them you are opposed to the Hoover Report bills that affect veterans—dismemberment of VA, veterans preference, U. S. Department of Health, Veterans' Insurance Corporation, and VA Hospital Construction Service.

Which bird dog is your choice ?



SETTER vs. POINTER: Upland game hunters can argue for hours about the relative merits of the *setter* and the *pointer*—especially where quail and pheasant are the game.

The setter is a long-haired dog . . . exceptionally good in brushy and briary country. While the pointer is a short-haired dog, ideal for more open country.

Both dogs have similar styles of hunting, and the sportsman who favors one over the other will never let his dog down in an argument. That's why it's a good idea to try both dogs and make up your own mind. After all, *you're the expert*, and the best dog for you is the dog that works best for you.



YOU'RE THE EXPERT in choosing whiskey, too! Whiskies differ in flavor and in freedom from harshness. That's why we invite you to compare the taste of Calvert with any other whiskey—regardless of price or type.

MAKE THIS 60-SECOND TASTE TEST: Just ask a friend or barman to pour $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of Calvert into a glass, and the same amount of any other whiskey into another—*without telling you which is which*. Compare each one for smoothness, flavor and freedom from bite, burn or sting. Then pick the one that *really* tastes better to you.

Here's why we believe you'll pick Calvert: It is blended to *your* taste . . . to a taste determined by a "Consumer Jury" of thousands of folks like you.

However, if you still prefer another brand, then that's the whiskey for you. *Fair enough?*



Calvert Challenges Comparison with any whiskey . . . at any price !

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Inside This Kitchen A Killer Had Come To Call

(Continued from page 25)

"If Ed's coming home, he should be here any minute now," she said. "I'll go turn on the back floodlight for him."

"I wouldn't do that," the black haired man said. "You'll just be wastin' electricity."

"I suppose you are right," the school teacher said. "Well, there's no sense in sitting here in the kitchen. Let's turn on the heat in the living room and we'll go in there and listen to the news."

Haggard objected again. "There's no use heatin' up that big room; besides we've been listenin' to the radio in the car all day. We'd rather just sit here in the kitchen and talk, if it's all the same with you." So they did.

They had been talking for about five minutes when all ears perked up. A sound came from the direction of the driveway—like the brakes of a car. Oreta had heard her husband's Dodge sedan come into the driveway a thousand times. *It sounds like Ed*, she said to herself, and waited expectantly to hear the car door open and close again, but there was no other sound.

"Is that him?" Mr. Haggard asked, remaining at his chair. His partner looked at herself in the kitchen mirror and began to powder her face.

There were two windows on the side of the driveway, one beside the table, next to Mr. Haggard, and the other about the length of an ironing board toward the front of the house. The Venetian blinds on both were drawn tight to keep out the cold.

Mrs. Sweeney arose from the table and walked hurriedly to the forward window. She pushed two of the slats apart, wiped a peep hole in the steam

and looked out into the night. "Nobody there," she said with a sigh, and returned to her chair.

BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE THERE.

Ed Sweeney had felt bad that morning when he left McKinney, and as the day wore on, had become sicker and sicker. His stomach felt weighted with lead and his head throbbed like a steam



engine. He had made several calls in the oil fields and had stopped for some gas in the little town of Ada, Oklahoma. As he was paying the bill, a pretty cashier pointed to a man's picture on the front page of an Oklahoma newspaper.

"You know that man?"

Mr. Sweeney looked closer. "I'll say I do. That's Elmer Lee Haggard; worked for me until couple o' months ago." His voice trailed off to a whisper as he read the headlines:

ELMER LEE HAGGARD MURDERER STILL AT LARGE.

"I just saw him last Friday," said Mr. Sweeney. "I was in Hennepin and he showed me his pistol, a big German Luger. I told him he'd better put that thing up or he'd get into trouble. Looks like he didn't take my advice."

"Naw," said the cashier, "and the pore feller he killed was as innocent as a lamb."

Mr. Sweeney rubbed his troubled stomach. "How did it happen?"

"It seems that Haggard got into a fight with a blacksmith Saturday night in a beer hall at Wynnewood. Haggard was getting the worst of it and his red-headed girl friend, a Mrs. Mildred Dejackimo, got into the fracas too. She was hurtin' the blacksmith, gougin' him and everything, when a young feller by the name of John Baugh pulled her off, said he was goin' to see to it the fight was fair. Baugh was a veteran," she added.

"What happened then?"

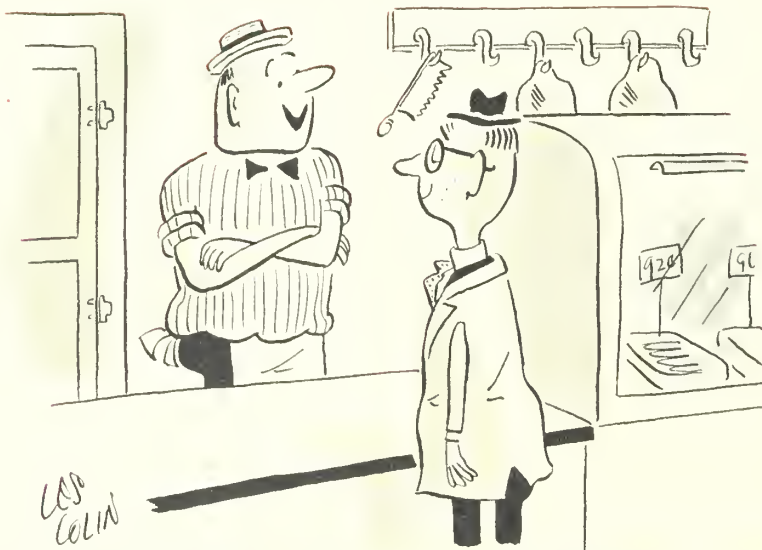
"The law come in 'bout that time and stopped the fight. Haggard told the cops he wasn't mad at the blacksmith; that it was just a friendly tussle; then he and the girl left." The cashier closed the cash register and held the newspaper close to her bosom. "About fifteen minutes later, Haggard and this Dejackimo woman came back to the place, and walked in without sayin' a word. Baugh was standing at the bar with his back to the door. Haggard pulled out a pistol and shot eight times. Seven of the bullets caught Mr. Baugh in the back. The pore boy never had any idea what hit him. He was dead when he struck the floor."

"Is Haggard s'posed to be around here anywhere?" asked Sweeney.

"Could be. All the cops in South Oklahoma have been lookin' for him for two nights and two days now and they haven't had a lead 'cept Mrs. Dejackimo. The woman that keeps her two babies says she called her on the telephone last night and told her she was goin' on a long trip."

Ed Sweeney climbed into his automobile and sat for a moment. His stomach hurt worse than it had all day. He thought about seeing a doctor in Ada, but decided he had better head for home. It was only a few hours' drive and if he could make it to the Wysong clinic, they would know what to do for him better than the doctors in Ada.

Mr. Sweeney had arrived in McKinney about 4:30 P.M. He was in such agony that he went straight to the clinic. A doctor administered a shot to ease the pain, then proceeded to give



"You're not *the* Mr. Miller I've heard so much about from Mrs. Miller . . . the one who flies into these terrible rages if his meat isn't just so?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

him a thorough examination. When he left the clinic at 7:15, he drove out to Heard Street, turned left, proceeded two blocks and turned into his own driveway. His headlights picked up a strange automobile, covered with mud. He looked at the license plate and his heart stopped beating. The killer and the redhead were in there with his wife, waiting for him to step into the house.

Ed felt of his billfold. He had \$150 in it. Haggard was "hot." He needed money to reach the border. Sweeney thought of the big German Luger pistol; he thought of poor John Baugh. He knew that whatever the killer wanted of him, he would not hesitate to get, by whatever means were necessary.

Sweeney's brain was still fuzzy from the dope, but the sight of Haggard's car sitting there in his own driveway pumped fresh blood into his brain. He was faced with a desperate situation. He shut off the car lights to think it over.

The two-hundred-pound man saw lights in the kitchen windows. What was going on behind those blinds? Had Oreta been hurt? Was she dead or alive? Maybe she didn't know Haggard was a killer! He thought about driving over to the Humble filling station and calling Haggard on the telephone; he would tell Haggard he had a flat tire and ask him to come over and see him there. A thousand plans shot through his wearied mind but none of them seemed to work. "I must get help," he decided, "before I do anything."

Sweeney released the handbrake and his automobile rolled backward into the street. He waited for several seconds, his eyes pinned on the light in the back of the house. Nothing happened, so he started the motor and when he was in the second block, switched on his lights.

Inside the kitchen all was tranquil. The man was talking. "My father was a mighty fine man. Just as good as any preacher I ever knew." He lighted a cigarette and held the wooden match in his hand until it burned down to his fingers; then quickly flipped it, catching the burnt end, with the dexterity of a magician.

"I remember when I was seven years old, just a little critter. I swiped a pearl-handled knife from the country store. It was a beaut, and when father saw it, he hit the ceilin'. I thought he was gonna tear up my behind, but he had better sense than that."

"What did he do to you?" asked the redhead.

"He put me out in the middle of the big road the next morning and made me walk four miles to the store and return the knife, and let me tell you, that taught me a lesson 'bout right and wrong that has stayed with me longer than anything I ever learned in a



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church." He pulled up his blue jeans and looked at the smoke rising slowly to the top of the room. "I've said a lotta things in my life that I shouldn't a said, and left a lotta things undone that I shoulda done, but from that day to this, I've never done anything real bad, anything I'd be shamed fer my father to know 'bout."

Just then the telephone rang in the bedroom.

Outside the kitchen, things were moving fast. Sweeney had gone straight to Sheriff Levi Brawley's office in the courthouse. A long distance call was put through to the sheriff in Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

"Would you like to have a man by the name of Elmer Lee Haggard?" Sheriff Brawley began.

"I shore would," said the Oklahoman. "Everybody in this country's looking for him."

"Well, he's here in McKinney and I think we can take him all right."

"Better be careful; he's trigger happy and so's the redhead with him."

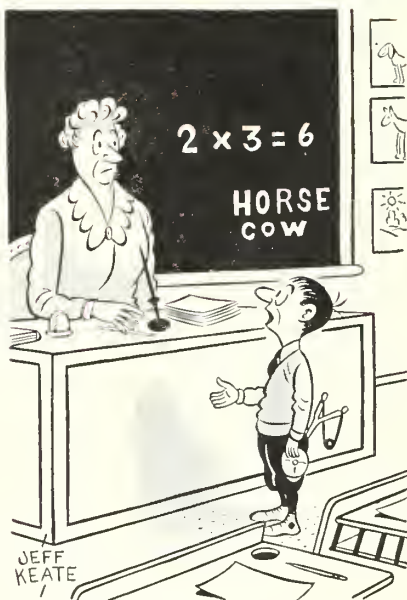
"Okay," said the Texan. "I'm goin' out after them in a few minutes, and I'll call you collect as soon as I've come back."

While Sheriff Brawley was calling his men together, Ed Sweeney paid a visit to Oreta's mother and sister, who lived together on the other side of town.

"God in heaven!" the mother exclaimed when she heard the news. "You mean Oreta's in the same house with a murderer?" She opened the front door and started across the threshold, but suddenly turned and faced Oreta's husband and sister. Her face twitched with excitement. "Oreta called me from school this afternoon and told me about those people being over there. She said they were a real nice couple and were

just waiting to collect some money from you when you came in." She grasped her neck with both hands. "I knew I should have gone over there."

Oreta's mother paused for a moment,



"I can't get that report card back for you... you gave me an 'A' in something and they're still mailing it to relatives."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

then continued, "What do you suppose they're doing with her now?" Her listeners struggled to reply, but said nothing. "We've got to do something to get her away from that horrible man."

"Don't worry, Mom," said the son-in-law, placing his hand upon her back, "the sheriff's getting a posse together right now. I know he'll be able to get Oreta out without any trouble at all."

"Yes, but how can we know she's all right this minute?"

"You'll just have to trust to God and

the sheriff," Ed told her. "Don't worry."

"Well, you can trust in them if you want to, but I'm going to find out myself."

Mrs. Sweeney walked into her bedroom and picked up the telephone. Haggard followed and stood in the doorway. She could see her breath when she said "Hello."

"That you, daughter?"

"Yes, Mamma, what's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I was just calling to see if you had heard anything from Ed as yet."

"No, I haven't heard a thing, but we're looking for him any minute."

"Is it cold over there?" the mother asked.

"Cold!" shuddered Oreta. "Can't you hear my teeth chattering?"

"Well, what are you doing to keep warm?"

"Just sitting in the kitchen talking and hovering over the stove."

"Well, I'll let you go now. Just thought I'd call."

"All right, Mamma. Goodbye."

Haggard preceded Mrs. Sweeney into the kitchen, and the conversation picked up again. This time the redhead took the lead. She told her hostess about her two little children by a former husband, how cute they were and how much she hated to be away from them. "I've been able to travel around with Elmer Lee for the past year," she said, "but course I won't be able to much longer. The baby'll be here in March or April, then I'll have to go in retirement agin. But," she said, "I don't min' too much. I like little babies." She placed freshly manicured fingers over her mate's hand and looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"What y' got up there in the attic?"

Mr. Haggard asked his hostess, without

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bothering to apologize for changing the subject.

"Oh, just a lot of stuff," Oreta said.

"How many rooms are there upstairs?"

"Two."

"What y' have in them?"

"We rent one room to a young lady, and the other is a spare."

"How much money do y' keep in the house?"

"We don't keep any."

"Do you have any jewelry?"

"Not any more than you see on my fingers." She held out her left hand and displayed two rings. Haggard looked at the rings thoughtfully, then continued:

"Do you and Ed keep separate bank accounts?"

"Yes, we do. He has to keep one for his business, you know."

The telephone rang again, and as before Haggard escorted Mrs. Sweeney to her bedroom and waited. "If it's Ed," he said, "lemme talk to him."

But it was Oreta's mother again. She had forgotten to ask if her daughter had gone to the clinic that afternoon. Mrs. Sweeney gave her the information she wanted and hung up.

When they were seated around the kitchen table, Haggard resumed his questioning. "How much money do you make at your job?"

He was being a little too personal, thought the school teacher, but he was courteous, and after all they had to have something to talk about. She would never see him again anyway. So she told him.

"Do you invest your money or do you let your husband do it fer you?"

Mrs. Sweeney did not answer. Instead her ear turned toward the garage.

"Did you hear a rattling sound out there?"

"I believe I did hear something," said the black haired man. "What did it sound like to you?"

"Could have been the door to the deep freeze closet," she suggested. "I'll go out and see."

"Don't bother," Mr. Haggard told her. "My hat's in there and if you locked it up, I might forget and leave it."

The conversation became slower and slower. The two women were beginning to show signs of weariness and were leaning heavily upon the yellow metal table. The red hands on the wall clock had just moved into the nine o'clock position when Haggard straightened in his chair. "Sounds like a car outside." He looked at his hostess. "See if it's Ed."

Mrs. Sweeney crossed the room and pecked through the blinds again. "I see the dim outline of a car," she announced, "but it's in the other driveway. They've had a lot of sickness over there. It's probably the doctor."

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When Mrs. Sweeney turned around, Haggard was standing between her and the table. "Look," he said, "you don't have to stay up if you're gettin' sleepy. You can go to bed any time you want to." He was solicitous, but his voice carried a note of firmness. "But Mildred and me are gonna stay up until Ed comes, if we have to sit up here all night."

For the first time all evening, Oreta became frightened. She could not undress and go to bed when these people were in the kitchen. They had acted nice, but after all they were total strangers. She was still struggling for an answer when Mildred spoke.

"Wasn't that somebody callin' your name?" She looked at Mrs. Sweeney.

"I didn't hear anyone. Where did it come from?"

"I couldn't tell."

All three listened. There was no sound save a grinding noise that came from the kitchen clock.

"Oreta." A voice called faintly. It seemed to come from the rear of the house.

Mrs. Sweeney opened the back door; took two steps onto the back porch, but saw no one. She came back in, closed the door and walked to the front of the house. Haggard and his partner remained in the kitchen.

Oreta opened the front door, and before she could utter a sound, a pair of hands grabbed her. "There's a killer in there," her sister whispered as she pulled her to the porch.

At the same instant, Sheriff Brawley,

a deputy and a state highway patrolman brushed past. "Where are they?" the sheriff demanded, in muffled tones.

Mrs. Sweeney pointed toward the kitchen and the men tiptoed down the hall. Haggard and Mrs. Dejackimo were seated at the kitchen table talking to each other when suddenly a voice of steel filled the room.

"I'm Levi Brawley," announced the law-enforcement officer. "I'm sheriff of Collin County. You can consider yourselves under arrest."

Haggard turned in his chair. His head hunched forward. His cold black eyes riveted upon the ten-gallon hat, then dropped to the holster at the sheriff's right side. His hands clenched convulsively.

Sheriff Brawley remembered the advice from Pauls Valley. His right hand swept down and up again, and Haggard found himself looking into the cold muzzle of a forty-five automatic.

At 9 P.M. Sheriff Brawley placed a collect call for Sheriff Claude B. Swinney at Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

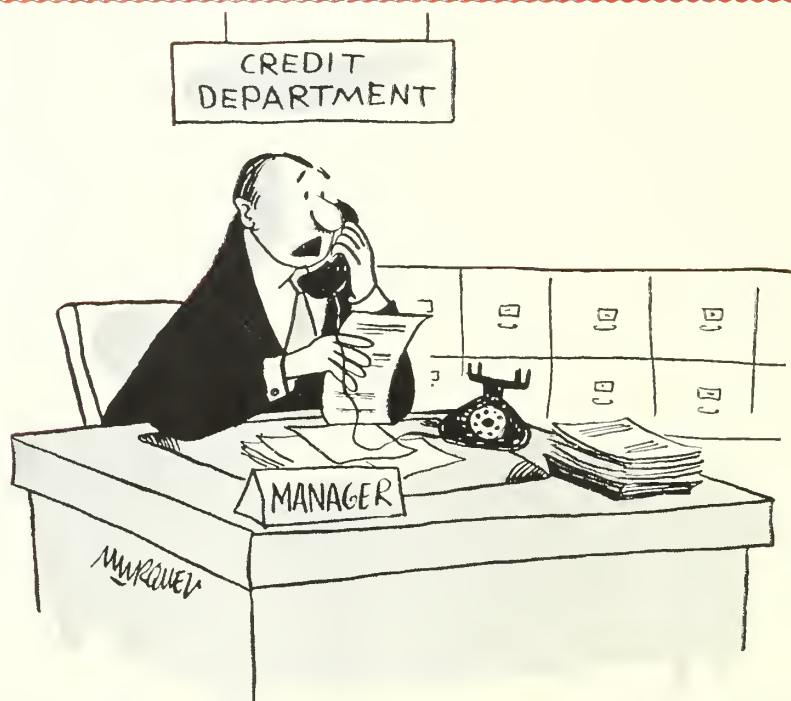
"You can come on down in the morning and pick up Mr. Haggard and Mrs. Dejackimo," said the man from Texas.

"Did you have any trouble taking them?"

"Naw. It was easy. One of our school-teachers was holding them for us, and all we had to do was go by and ring the doorbell and put the bracelets on."

"Well," said the man from Oklahoma, "you tell that teacher she can have a job in Pauls Valley any time she wants it."

THE END



"... a Mr. Harry Gesner has you listed here as a credit reference ... sir, if you'll stop laughing a moment ... !"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

The Bear That Learned Fear

(Continued from page 13)

lessly, and the season when some sport would pay him well to hunt this bear was approaching. He knew he could find it again, but he would not look on the mountain. Dethroned kings never return.

Forty-five minutes later, when Lash reached the clearing, he saw tethered to his porch rail the white horse of Crosby Marlett, his nearest neighbor. Lash walked serenely across the clearing and, in passing, opened the corral gate. The sheep walked out and fed toward the mountain. Crosby Marlett hailed him.

"Hi. Huntin' so early in the mornin'?"

"No," Lash said. "Just had to get back something I lost. Something I lost on the mountain." THE END

They Dare To Laugh At Stalin

(Continued from page 2)

In Seoul, which changed hands five times during the fighting in Korea, a G.I. met a white-bearded old man who had greeted him the first time the Americans entered the city months before.

"So you're still alive," said the American. "How did you manage?"

"Very simple," the old man told him. "When the Communists arrive I always say: 'Wonderful to see you back again.' And when the Americans arrive I say the same thing: 'Wonderful to see you back again'."

"You mean," the G.I. asked, "that you don't see any real difference between us and the Reds?"

"On the contrary," said the old man. "If I told this to the Reds, I'd be shot."

Three Russian journalists returned from a tour of the United States and wrote up their impressions for Soviet newspapers. One of them got 15 years in Siberia for praising American production methods. Another was expelled from the Party for acknowledging American hospitality. The third, however, wrote a passionate diatribe against everything American, past, present and future, excoriating everyone he met as a bloodthirsty capitalist warmonger or a capitalist slave. For this the writer was summoned to the Kremlin, where a beaming Stalin told him to name his own reward.

"No matter what?" asked the journalist.

"Whatever you desire most," confirmed Stalin.

"Then, please, Comrade Stalin, send me back to the United States." THE END



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Are We Trying To Lose Germany?

(Continued from page 15)

pertly served Clay. Brig. Gen. Frank Howley, next to Clay undoubtedly the most competent and impressive member of the occupation staff, threw up his hands and quit. He told me at the time that McCloy seemed deliberately refusing to consult him, or to use any of his knowledge and experience—both of them are vast. Others received the same treatment as Howley and reacted the same way. Within a short time, McCloy had succeeded in ridding himself of most of the veterans, and in surrounding himself with a host of new counselors who lacked any experience in their work, and who possessed nothing to compensate for that lack.*

Let us look at some of the typical entries in the ledgers of the McCloy regime.

It is difficult to find anything more horrendous than McCloy's persistent defense of Dr. Hans Kemritz, a communist kidnapper, and a former nazi, who, after the war, lured untold numbers of Germans to Russian death camps. The efforts of the High Commission in the Kemritz affair far exceed anything done by the U. S. government for Robert Vogeler or William Oatis.

Kemritz was arrested last year and arraigned for trial on charges of crimes against humanity. A German court had awarded indemnity to the relatives of one of Kemritz's victims. Then the High Commission stepped in, voided the court order, and prohibited Kem-

ritz from being brought to trial for his misdeeds.

An official High Commission statement declared Kemritz to be under the protection of the United States. American MP's were dispatched to guard his house, and Kemritz himself was taken to some secret hideaway to keep him from German authorities.

It was the first time the High Commission had intervened in such a matter; it is supposedly against U. S. policy to do so. The reason given by U. S. officials for their action shocked Germans perhaps more than the actual deed itself. There was no denial of Kemritz's guilt, but, the High Commission said, he had served the interests of Western security, and what he had done had been correct under the circumstances, for *Russia was then our ally*.

The Kemritz dispute emerged as one of the gravest threats to U. S.-German relations since the beginning of the occupation, and erupted into a violent clash between McCloy and Berlin's Lord Mayor Reuter, an international symbol in the fight against communism, who declared: "I am shocked and confused by the action of the U. S. High Commissioner." For Germans as a whole, the case has cast doubt upon the sincerity of American efforts to form a real front against the commie bloc.

But if the High Commission intervened here, it has refused to do so in other instances involving American prestige and persons, particularly in regard to wanton police brutality which, almost with tacit U. S. encouragement, now makes the Republic Steel strike resemble a Ladies Aid outing.

*Since last September John Paton Davies has been working in Western Germany as a top U. S. political advisor. This is the same Davies who has been under fire as a member of the Service-Stillwell-Vincent group that played such an important part in our diplomatic disaster in the Far East.

EDITORS



"What's wrong with my dress? Don't you ever watch television?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

American correspondents have been kicked and beaten; photographers have had their cameras smashed. This writer has been present at one riot after another where police have turned upon Allied and German newsmen instead of communists. And never a word of objection from U. S. authorities, although the American press corps has made repeated protests. In several cases the offending policemen have been photographed while engaged in their savagery; they can be clearly identified. Never, though, has a single one of them been publicly reprimanded or disciplined. The U. S. officials refuse to intercede because, as one American Public Safety officer explained: "We don't want to make them (the police) angry. If we dishearten them, they might not stand by us when we need them."

How gravely such incidents can compromise American interests was demonstrated a short time ago in the death of a communist rail official in West Berlin. Police uncovered a number of propaganda posters in the station of which he had charge. According to the original West Police reports, he collapsed and died of a heart attack brought on by the excitement. The U. S. commandant, Brig. Gen. Lemuel Matthewson (who holds the record of never having given a single press conference or interview during his tenure) promptly dispatched a note to the Soviets, rejecting their claims that the rail official had been beaten to death.

Smugly Matthewson sat back while the Russians harangued about American "gangster methods." Then, at the height of the furore, the police admitted that in fact the communist had been slugged by the police officer in charge of the expedition, and for no justifiable reason. Their new testimony handed the Soviets a whopping propaganda victory, while the U. S. looked as foolish as a Mack Sennett comic in a pratfall.

The West Berlin police chief, Johannes Stumm, has never been up-braided in the slightest, although his department has sickened Germans by its constant brutality, its graft and corruption, and its Soviet black-market entanglements. On the contrary, Stumm recently received an \$8,000 American loan with which to erect the \$25,000 villa which he built on his \$75 a week salary.

There are three major areas in which blunders are costing the U. S. heavily in good-will.

1. Politically: Nothing has incensed the Germans more than the delay in a peace treaty, especially since one has already been signed with Japan. The Germans are being rubbed raw by the effusive testimonials to the peace-loving reformation of the Japanese while, in our relations with the Germans, we



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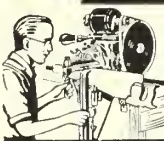
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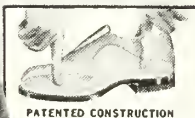
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seem unable to decide, even at this date, whether to kiss 'em or kick 'em. They recall that the U. S. was the last of the Western powers to terminate the state of war.

Nor has there been any definite statement by U. S. officials as to the return to Germany of the Eastern territories, handed over to Poland at Yalta in the warm glow of our union with Stalin. No other single issue arouses such emotion on the part of Germans as this one. Declaring ourselves in favor of the return of these areas, and the return to Poland of the areas which Russia



"Income tax rap, eh? Collecting or evading?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

grabbed from that country, would aid immeasurably in capturing German good-will. Yet the High Commission has continuously argued against it.

To the Germans, this attitude on the peace treaty and territorial issues suggests that either we are afraid of antagonizing Russia, or that we are reserving these issues to bargain with Russia for some settlement at German expense. Whichever may be correct, neither is calculated to make friends and win influence.

2. Militarily: We are pouring hundreds of thousands of troops into Germany, and are building bases and installations for them at huge cost. Yet we have not decided where—or, for that matter, whether—we are ultimately preparing to defend Germany and West Europe.

Our officials reassure the Germans that we are going to guarantee their country's borders; but the question of how is never mentioned. One week it is going to be along the Rhine, the next, along the Elbe. Then again it looks as if it may be Spain or North Africa. We exhort the Germans to align themselves with us, but never tell them what they can expect in terms of security for themselves, their homes and families.

The reaction of the German, and a fast growing one it is, is to assume that somebody is simply trying to use him. He is coming to believe that he may fare better not to align himself with any side, to take his chances on surviving by himself in other words, staying neutral. This is exactly what Russia wants; it is exactly what we can least afford. The alarming thing in Germany today is not the number of men clamoring to get back into uniforms, for there are very few of these; it is the vast number who do not want to get into any fighting force we may sponsor.

3. Economically: We have poured billions into Germany to reconstruct the country as a bastion of the West. But the money many times has not been going where it should have. Boondoggling, WPA projects, private rake-offs are all too frequent; and there is far too little concern about them.

There is no question that American aid has prevented—or at least delayed—Germany from falling to the communists. But what is our final gain in the opinion of the average man when mansions are built while workers huddle in squalor and misery; when a new and unnecessary double-lane highway is built past the High Commission headquarters in Berlin; when luxury hotels rise for the benefit of non-existent tourists?

A special city commission is investigating how a former nazi and self-styled communist refugee managed to snare more than a quarter-million dollars in U. S. credits. The American official in charge of such allocations told me that he had never heard of the case. He added there was no reason for indignation about misuse of American funds because "It's German money, not American... We gave it as a present."

While churches in America cannot obtain priorities for steel, a new nightclub has been put up in Berlin—an indescribably luxurious affair, with a private telephone and pneumatic tubes connecting each table, and a floor-show consisting of multi-colored fountains cascading 2,000 gallons of water a minute in an exquisite geyser ballet. At the same time, more than half of all Berliners are now buying in the Russian stores across town, where the currency exchange rate allows them prices a half to a fourth those in the Western sectors. A visitor whom I took recently to the Soviet sector saw a queue of haggard, bent women waiting to buy potatoes. "Those poor people under the communists!" he exclaimed. Actually, they were practically all from the Western sectors, driven to the Russian shops by what can and must be regarded as an indifference toward their welfare.

Unemployment in West Berlin is at a staggeringly high level. One of the

reasons for it is that factories cannot export their products from the city because of Russian obstructions along the superhighway connecting the city with the West and along the waterways. Once when the autobahn was blocked, the U. S. ran a truck convoy through the Soviet control barriers. It was dramatically successful. It was never attempted again; the barriers are still there.

We cannot keep Berlin's lifeline free, but American officials keep reassuring Berliners that American troops and their dozen World War II tanks will defend the city against the 25 Russian divisions massed outside. Can we expect the Germans to take that seriously?

Recently with American concurrence, the huge Hermann Goering steel works at Salzgitter was refused permission to resume production, although it is desperately needed by the West. One of the reasons advanced privately was that the plant is located too near the Russian zone border, and would fall too easy a victim in the event of attack. Yet hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent to rebuild factories in Berlin, located not near but directly in the middle of the Russian zone.

In this connection it might be pointed out that in the past year, tens of millions of dollars worth of strategic ma-

terials were sent from Berlin and West Germany to Russia, the satellite nations of East Europe and Red China. These goods, all vital to Russia's war economy, consisted of generators, dynamos, ma-

WALLY



(From April, 1939 A.L.M.)

chine tools, electrotechnical equipment, and enough scrap metal to provide tanks for an armored division. This was all shipped legally, with the express approval of U. S. and Allied authorities. And it was not until last July, a full year and a half after Marshall aid to Berlin began, that the U. S. High

Commission finally ordered counter-measures against ECA firms involved in illegal trade with the East. Nothing is done to firms trading legally, for U. S. officials say this is necessary for the country's economy.

A communist official whom I have known for a long time told me bluntly: "Without the materials you in the West have sent, our industries might have collapsed long ago. You will be able to evaluate some of the help you have given us only after another war—as you were able to do in the case of your pre-Pearl Harbor shipments of scrap and oil to Japan."

Such incidents could be cited endlessly, for more pages than in a year's issues of this magazine. All together they add up to one thing: the picture of administrators who are complicating our job as a nation today by grievous inadequacy and inefficiency.

I hold no particular brief for the Germans. I have a frank admiration for some of their qualities, and a loathing for others. But I do regard Germany as indispensable to our preparations for defense. I believe that we cannot afford to cast aside one single individual who can help us in the great battle we are facing; I believe that least of all can we afford to alienate West Germany's forty millions.

THE END



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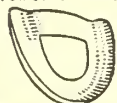
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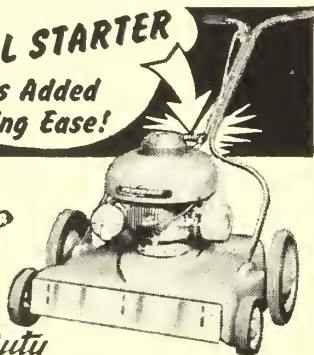
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The Legion's New Commander

(Continued from page 21)

He majored in politics, and in that field specialized in international affairs. Here he acquired much of the training that West Virginia Legionnaires discovered in him at the end of War II. He continued debating, and was manager of the varsity debating team his last two years at Princeton.

Students of political science at Princeton have two undergraduate political societies, the liberal Whigs and the conservative Cliosopie society. One can imagine that Don Wilson's quick understanding of Boys State after he joined the Legion mirrored his appreciation



"Did you tell Junior that you couldn't help him, that they didn't have long division when you were in school?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

of his own training in practical politics and government as a leading Whig at Princeton.

At Princeton, Wilson came to know and compete with many of the most capable and serious students of public affairs of his generation in an undergraduate parliament. He was elected President of the Whigs at the end of his sophomore year.

Wilson won the traditional Princeton oratorical contest for third-year men. His subject: "The case for administrative tribunals."

He was naturally a competitor in Princeton's historic prize debating contest for seniors. This contest has been won in the past by such men as Norman Thomas and Booth Tarkington. In 1939, for the first time in history, the debate ended in a tie—between Don Wilson and his close friend, Norman L. Gill of New Jersey.

Wilson did some fencing and intramural boxing (he still has a neat left jab) and played a lot of tennis while at

Princeton. During the summers he strove to "perfect his slice" in golf, and did some work for the Weirton Steel Company, where his father, A. B. Wilson, is an electrical engineer. For a while, one summer, Don was a news commentator on station WBLK in Clarksburg. He spent his third college summer doing research for his senior thesis in international affairs, for which he elected to do a detailed study of Anglo-American diplomatic relations between 1895 and 1902. During his senior year he tutored Princeton undergraduates in the politics and economics departments.

Wilson graduated from Princeton in 1939 with the highest average grades of the little group that was specializing in international affairs, and with a Phi Beta Kappa key.

In the fall of 1939 he entered the University of Virginia law school at Charlottesville, where he spent the next three years. He had been headed toward the profession of law since he was a freshman in high school. At Virginia he maintained the pattern of his life at Princeton, and increased his load of work. He was a member of the student honor committee, which supervises the rigid honor system at Virginia U. He was a member of the Raven Society, honorary scholarship and leadership group in the law school. On the side he was an instructor in public speaking in the undergraduate college. He was President of his law class in his final year, and he was on the Law Review. He had long since learned to ration his time and to get along on four hours sleep a night.

By the time he graduated from law school the country was at war. He joined the Army as a private a week after getting his law degree, in the spring of 1942, and took his basic training at Camp Pickett, Virginia. From there he went to O.C.S. at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and was commissioned a second Lieutenant in the Medical Administration Corps on February 27, 1943.

Two days later, on March 1, he married his high school sweetheart, Mary Virginia Hornor. While Don was at Princeton, she had gone to Dennison University in Ohio and then to Rollins College in Florida.

Wilson was ordered back to Camp Pickett for training as a platoon leader, then transferred to Camp Campbell, Kentucky, for further training in Army hospital administration. While at Camp Campbell, he passed the Virginia bar examinations in December of 1943. In January, 1944, he was assigned to the complement of the 216th Hospital Ship, the *John J. Meany*, then berthed in New

York. Wilson became the Adjutant and Staff Judge Advocate, which meant in effect that he was the administrator of the hospital activities of the ship.

The *John J. Meany* sailed for Oran on June 4, 1944—two days before Normandy D Day—to cover the Mediterranean phase of the invasion of Europe. It evacuated the wounded in the invasion of southern France, and at the occupation of Livorno, and remained in the Mediterranean to bring out casualties of the Italian campaign. The ship escaped being a casualty itself, and after VE day it began to shuttle American wounded out of French and English ports to Charleston, South Carolina for redistribution to stateside hospitals.

Wilson left the ship in September, 1945 and he was released from the Army on October 1st, as a captain in the Judge Advocate General's corps. He returned to Clarksburg to rejoin his wife and his son, Donald Randolph Wilson, Jr.—who is now seven and has a four-year-old brother, Thomas Hornor Wilson. The Wilsons bought a home in Clarksburg on Nov. 7, 1945. Don joined the Legion that same month, and became an associate in the law firm of Steptoe and Johnson, West Virginia's largest.

He passed the West Virginia bar examinations in March, 1946. In two and a half years he was Department Commander of the Legion in West Virginia. In three he was a full partner in Steptoe and Johnson, where his law practice is largely the handling of trials in civil cases involving negligence.

He was active in the civic work of the Lions Club in Clarksburg, and served as Chairman of the Board of the Red Cross in Harrison County, West Virginia. The *Christian Science Monitor* called him "an overtime citizen" of Clarksburg.

As head of the Legion in West Virginia, in 1948-49, he carried his infectious seriousness about the Legion's ideals to as many Posts and civic groups as he could cover. Like a good lawyer, he would never make a decision or give a talk without intense preparation. As "Doc" Kercheval says, "Don doesn't go off without having the gun loaded. He's the best talker I know, and just as good a listener."

In 1949 National Commander Perry Brown, recognizing Wilson's training in foreign affairs and his clarity of expression, asked him to testify for the Legion before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations regarding the North Atlantic Treaty, which the Legion favored.

At the national Legion conventions of both 1949 and 1950 Wilson's name was up as a candidate for National Commander, but he made no serious campaign for the office in either of those years. National Commander George N. Craig appointed Wilson a vice-chair-

man of the Legion's National Legislative Commission in 1949. National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., appointed him to head the Legion's Foreign Relations Commission in the fall of 1950.

WALLY



(From April, 1939 A.L.M.)

When it comes to planning, Wilson is like an engineer in his meticulousness. His refreshing pursuit of perfection is more like what we expect in an engineer than what we are accustomed to in men in public affairs. He is, in fact, a lawyer who springs from a line of engineers.

Don's father, A. B. Wilson, is a self-made man. Born in Wellsburg, West Virginia in 1889, the elder Wilson found himself in Detroit, Michigan, during the First World War, doing war production work for the American Car and Foundry Company as chief electrical engineer.

He met and married a Detroit girl, Edna Lucille Lehr. Their only child, Donald Randolph Wilson, was born in Detroit on May 17, 1917. The family moved to West Virginia from Detroit before Don's third birthday, and Don has made his home in Clarksburg ever since.

While Don was in college in 1937, his parents moved to Weirton, West Virginia, where Don's father is in the engineering research division of the Weirton Steel Company.

The Wilsons of West Virginia are a branch of that Scotch-Irish family of Wilsons that expanded westward from Virginia. Woodrow Wilson was the most renowned of a large number of sons and daughters of the family who have distinguished themselves in law, the clergy, education and the sciences in America. Neither Donald R. nor Woodrow Wilson was the first of the clan to distinguish himself as a public speaker at Princeton. The annals of Princeton show that A. W. Wilson, Jr., was rated Master Orator there in 1886.

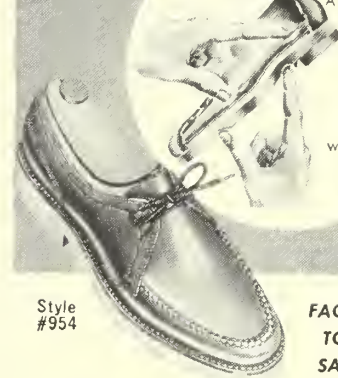
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has plenty to say and it is all of a piece. He is a bold and unblushing spokesman for American nationalism, and does not see how it could be possible that an apologetic America could exercise a beneficial influence in the world.

The New York *Daily Mirror*, on December 19, 1951, called Wilson's "a leadership that is different . . ." It is startling, said the *Mirror*, "to discover that the new National Commander is only 34 years old; that a new generation has come into control of this tremendously important national organization. His blond hair, his blue eyes, his figure and stance add up to what has been idealized as the American type." When Wilson spoke, the *Mirror* added, "it was the American mind—not the mind of . . . sophisticates, . . . kibitzers . . . wise-cracking debunkers . . ." that spoke.

James Lyons, writing in the *Christian Science Monitor* on December 1, 1951, found Wilson to be the opposite of the

"professional veteran." The *Monitor* writer found it difficult to match Wilson's appearance and personality with "militant, aggressive Americanism." He noted that Wilson taught a Bible class in Clarksburg Baptist Church. Wilson's slightness of build and liteness of movement, combined with his precision of thought and speech, suggested a young college instructor of poetry to the *Monitor* writer, while the hint of humor in Wilson's blue eyes and his long, sensitive fingers did not seem to belong to a "sabre rattler."

The *Monitor's* appraisal was all to the point, for the Legion's new National Commander holds no truck with the noisy, empty patriotism of the demagogue. As a proponent of national policies proceeding from strength and clear objectives he advances, step by step, with the quiet, devastating logic of a mind long schooled in the realities of public and international affairs.

THE END

Baseball . . . Then and Now

(Continued from page 17)

lege graduates. Lou Boudreau, Vic Raschi, Robin Roberts, Walt Drogo, Alvin Dark, Jim Konstanty and Allie Reynolds are a few who come readily to mind. It has become quite common for a promising young player to have a big league club send him through college in exchange for his guarantee that he will sign with that club when he graduates. The good college teams are combed unceasingly by major league scouts on the prowl for material. This has created a vastly different situation from that which existed in the old days, when a college boy was regarded with suspicion if not downright distaste by his less learned teammates.

Of course, a bachelor of arts degree does not necessarily mean an athlete is going to be a better ballplayer. Moe Berg, one of the most scholarly men ever to enter the game, found that out. Moe never gets tired of telling about the time he was traded to the Chicago White Sox and found the Chicago newspapers filled with featured stories about his intellectual attainments. The articles made much of his ability to speak a dozen languages and of his post-graduate studies at the famed Sorbonne in Paris. Moe was a good catcher but a weak hitter. In his first start for the White Sox, he spoiled his advance notices by striking out twice, looking especially bad on curve balls. Afterward, he was sitting disconsolately by his locker when Buck Crouse, a rough-and-ready scrapper of the old school, passed by. Buck slapped Moe on the shoulder in comradely fashion.

"Moe," he said cheerfully, "I don't care how many degrees you got, they ain't learned you to hit that curve ball no better than me."

Of all the arguments that rage between baseball old-timers and younger fans, unquestionably the most frequently renewed is the case of the rabbit ball. Scornful stalwarts of the old guard like to scoff at the distance-hitting feats of such modern sluggers as Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx, Hank Greenberg, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio and Ralph Kiner. They charge it all up to "that jackrabbit ball you're using now" and snort that a six-year-old boy could give "that nickel rocket" a ride over the fence. Maybe so. It's true that the boys hit a lot more home runs these days than they did a few decades ago. On the other hand, batting averages aren't so high as they used to be and you can't put all of the blame for that on the abolition of the sacrifice-fly rule in 1931. (Prior to that season, a hitter was not charged with a time at bat if his fly ball advanced a runner.)

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cial major league baseball was made somewhat livelier for the first time in 1920. That year, the manufacturer switched from domestic to Australian yarn and found that the Australian product was stouter, that it could be wound more tightly and that it produced a bouncier ball. Any changes that may have been made in the construction of the ball since that time were strictly undercover. You can't get anybody to admit that it has been tampered with at all. The A. G. Spalding firm, which makes the balls for both major leagues, emphatically denies the constant allegations that the ball was "hopped up" to exploit the homer hunger created by Babe Ruth, and that it has been enlivened still more since World War II.

You may well ask why, if the jack-rabbit ball was placed in action in time for Ruth to whack his 60 home runs in 1927, the all-time high batting average of .424 was recorded by Rogers Hornsby in 1924? Or, if that was a "dead" ball they were playing with in the old days, how come Ty Cobb was able to hang up a spectacular .367 lifetime batting average over a stretch of 24 seasons and go over .400 no fewer than three times? By the same token, you have a right to wonder why, if the ball is so bouncy today, a wicked slugger like Ted Williams doesn't drive it out of the park every time he catches hold of it fair and square? Williams hit only 30 home runs in 1951.

Yet the myth, if that's what it is, of the lively ball is as hard to stamp out as a grass fire. "This juiced-up ball is making a joke out of the game," Bill Dickey growls. "I don't care what they say. The manufacturers and the league officials can deny it all they want, but this isn't the ball we used when I was playing. This ball reminds me of the one they used in 1930. All you had to do was get a piece of it and it took off. Everybody hit that year. Terry went over .400. Babe Herman was around .399. Hack Wilson hit 56 home runs or something like that. They wouldn't admit it was a hot rocket any more than they will now. But they got scared and deadened it after that."

They deadened it? In 1930, Al Simmons of the Philadelphia Athletics led the American League in batting with a .381 average. In 1931, he retained his championship with an average of .390. Babe Ruth hit 49 homers in 1930 but came back with a wholly creditable 46 in '31, while a year later Jimmy Foxx blasted 58 of the "deadened" balls out of the park. As you can see, it's all very confusing.

Fortunately, there's one point on which both the old-timer and the youngster generally agree. They don't make ballplayers as hardy as they used

to. You just don't see fellows like Cy Young, Tris Speaker, Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner and Eddie Collins any more, playing twenty years and more of big league ball. You don't see the same kind of physical ruggedness that characterized the immortals. With few exceptions, the present-day player makes twice as much fuss about playing half as long.

Take Cy Young, the incredible pitcher whose record of 511 major league victories is likely never to be matched. The legendary right-hander,



"Really! That's very interesting! . . . Did you hear that, Homer? . . . It's very strange because I was talking to Mrs. Hecker just last week and she told me..."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

who was pitching for the Red Sox well into the 1900's, thought nothing of working every other day and thinks modern pitchers would benefit from a diet of more, not less, work. "Pitch 'em every three days," he says, "and you'd find they'd get control and good strong arms. I know. I've seen it done."

Cy is a great advocate of rigid training. "You got to harden yourself and stay hard," he says. "Even in the years when I was winning thirty games a season, I never loafed. Soon as baseball ended, I hit for the farm. I got up at daylight, took care of the stock, milked the cows, mended fences, worked a fourteen-hour day, seven days a week. Even in bad weather, I went out in the barn and chopped kindling wood."

It's hard for an old campaigner like Cy to hide his scorn for the coddled heroes of today. Obviously, he thinks it's disgraceful that the majors haven't had a thirty-game winner since Dizzy Dean made it for the Cardinals in 1934. "We did have some advantages," he said reflectively. "I admit some of my cut-plug tobacco would get on the ball.

(Continued on page 59)

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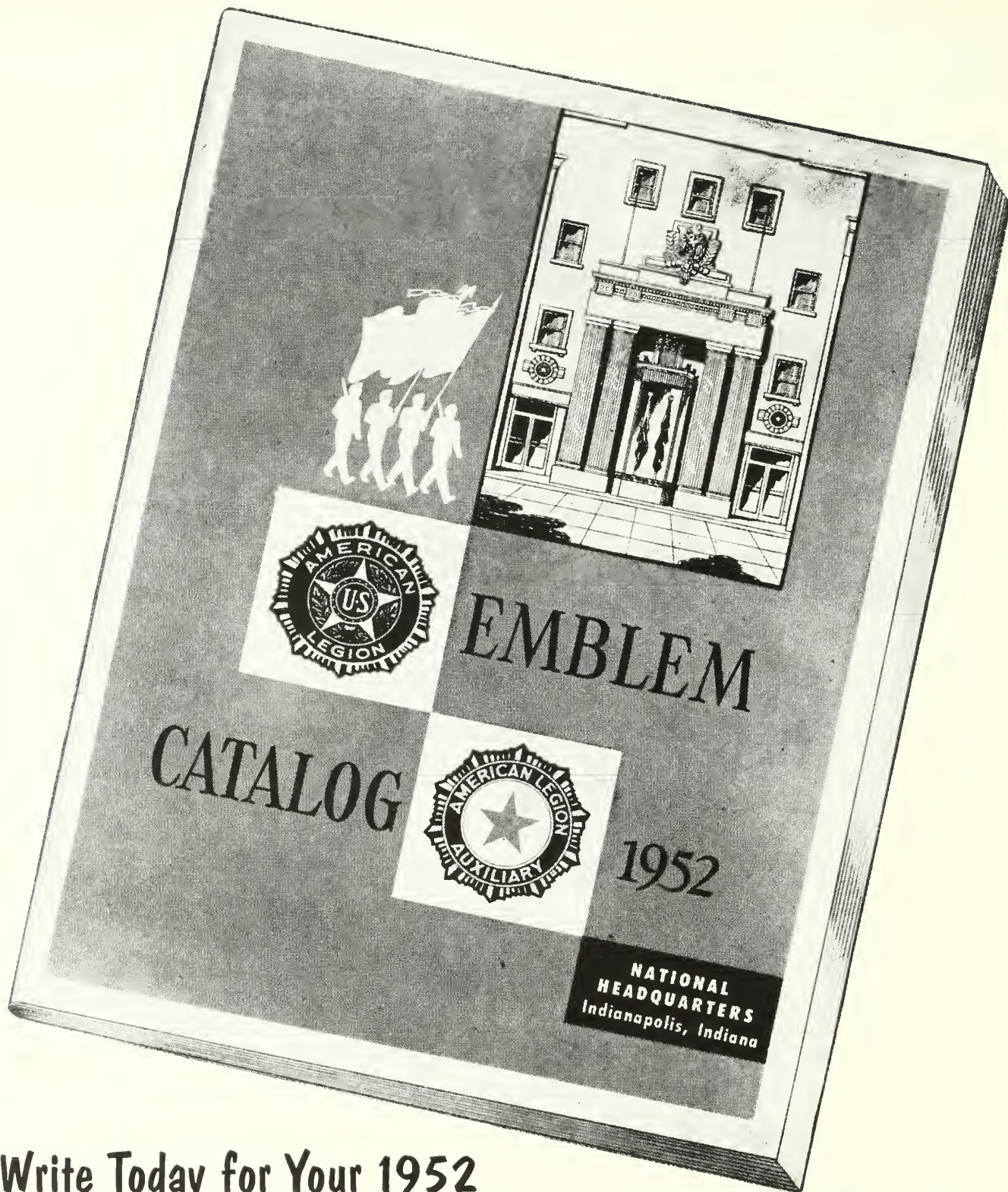
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(Continued from page 57)

We had a bigger strike zone, too. It was across the top of the shoulders down to below the kneecap. My favorite pitch was a whistler right under the chin. . . . But there were disadvantages, too. Poorer fields, poorer equipment. Bad food, bad traveling conditions, no shower-baths, noisy rooming houses."

Young, who never had a sore arm in his entire 22-season major-league career, and who was still strong enough to pitch a no-hitter and strike out eighteen men in his last minor-league ball game when he was well into his forties, has no use for diathermy machines, whirlpool baths and the like.

Actually, many oldsters who criticize the major-leaguers of today are in reality expressing resentment toward the fancy salaries the boys are drawing down. Contrasted with the sums paid out in other years—Young, for example, reached his top price when he gouged \$7,000 out of the Cleveland Indians—the salaries of today are princely. But even more than the inflated contract figures of the modern era, the stars of the past are disgusted by the fantastic bonuses tossed into the laps of so many untried kids. They can't help but compare the \$100,000 paid to Paul Pettit (a resounding flop so far) by the Pittsburgh Pirates with the signing of the fabulous Walter Johnson, for example.

Cliff Blankenship, a Washington catcher who had been benched by an injury, was sent by Manager Joe Cantillon on a trip to Weiser, Idaho, in 1907 to scout Johnson, who had been recommended to the club. Impressed by what he saw, Blankenship offered the great fastballer a salary of \$350 a month for the rest of the season and a cash bonus of \$100 for signing. Johnson listened carefully, then went home to talk it over with his farmer father. Next day, he told Cliff it was a deal, except for one thing. "Dad and I think," he said, "that if I can't pitch good enough, you ought to pay my train fare back home."

The general feeling on the part of the old-timers is that rookies turn out better when they are forced to fight for their jobs and their money. Honus Wagner, speaking at a dinner in Pittsburgh last winter, convulsed his audience with reminiscences of how tough life was for a rookie when he was breaking into the National League. "I remember," he said, "somebody on the Giants hit a double in one of my first games and I congratulated him when he reached second. 'Nice hit,' I said, friendly-like, 'Go to hell!' he said." The Flying Dutchman cleared his throat ostentatiously. "Now, that may sound kind of rude," he explained, "but, you know, I kind of liked that remark. That fella was the first major-leaguer who ever spoke to me."

You can't discuss differences between the old and the new styles in baseball without considering the revolution wrought by night ball. Since Larry MacPhail introduced the night game to the majors in 1935, with President Roosevelt pushing a button in the White House to turn on the lights for the first time, the sport has been seen less and less in the daylight. There is now only one all-daylight park in the major leagues—the Chicago Cubs' Wrigley Field. All the clubs play night baseball in varying degrees. Some, like the New York Giants and New York Yankees, stick to a modest fourteen-game schedule at home, playing two night games with each of the other teams in the league. Others, like the Cleveland Indians and Philadelphia Athletics, play about half their home games at night. Still others, like the two St. Louis clubs, expose themselves to the sun only on weekends and holidays.

All this night activity has damaged the standards of play. Worse, it has shortened the average ballplayer's career even though it may have helped enrich him while he was around. The erratic hours, uncertain weather conditions exposing valuable limbs to the dampness of the night air, and the mixed-up eating habits forced upon the players have done incalculable harm.

The fundamental appeals of baseball

haven't been changed through the passing of the years. That's why the game still has a hammerlock on the affections of the American people. It's still the same absorbing struggle of graceful, sure athletes on the precise geometric pattern of the marvelously concocted playing field. It's still the darting pitch from the mound, the slash of the bat, the bold scoop of the grounder by the charging fielder, the long throw to first and the trigger-quick verdict of the umpire.

Incidentally, there's something else that hasn't changed—the umpiring. It's still just as keen, just as ferociously impartial as ever. It's still the backbone of the sport. We were reminded, reading about the fuss kicked up by Umpire Al Barlick's angry ejection of Roy Campanella from a late-season game with the Boston Braves last summer, of an earlier day when Bill Klem, who had embarked upon a personal crusade to curb rowdiness in baseball, showed how to handle an enraged ballplayer. A youthful hot-head, objecting to the call of a third strike by the "Old Arbitrator," had thrown his bat wildly into the air over home plate. Bill never even looked up.

"Young man," he grated in his foghorn voice, "if that bat comes down, you are out of the ball game!"

That was baseball then; it still is baseball now.

THE END

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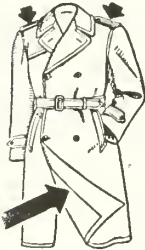
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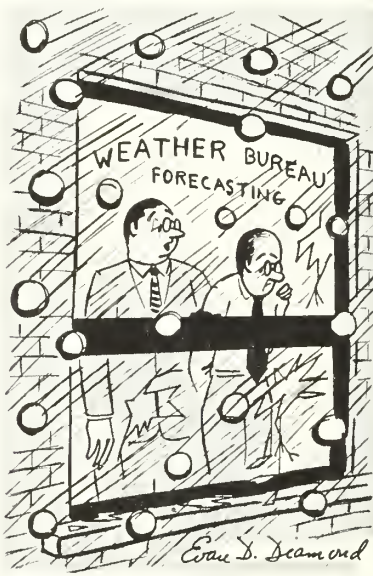
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How To Protect Your Dog

(Continued from page 27)

the rolled newspaper. Of course it is more sound than fury. The dog is more frightened than hurt. He is puzzled, unable to completely figure out this strange action. Repetition does the trick. Have this repeated often enough (but not too often) to definitely discourage the dog. People who visit you often, real friends, should pull the reverse. They should pet the dog, let him know that they like and respect him. Dogs are really thinking animals. After a short time, your dog will realize that it isn't a good idea to have anything to do with strangers. Friends of yours will be friends of his.

Naturally, if your dog has any traces of aggressiveness or viciousness in him,



"Forget it, Jim. You can't get 'em all."
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

it would be all wrong to use this system. But if he had, then he wouldn't follow strangers anyway.

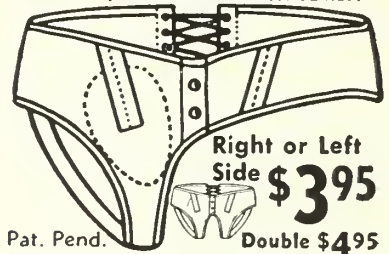
Long walks with your dog, taking him for rides in your own car, making a real pal of him also go a long way toward correcting any of his faults. Give him a chance and he'll build up such a love for you that he won't have room in his heart for anyone else.

There are other things you can do to protect your dog. A couple of effective organizations strive daily to help people recover lost dogs and advise them on procedure in preventing future loss.

For example, the Animal Protection Union, originated and run by Miss Daisy Miller at 17 King Street, New York City, is a successful dog-finding agency. Miss Miller started her agency many years ago as the result of her appearance on a radio program "Dogs" and was so impressed at the number of

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pleas she had to find lost dogs, that she
 resigned her job and is devoting her
 life to finding and protecting dogs.

It is a simple matter to join the Animal
 Protection Union. A Life Member-
 ship costs \$50, yearly memberships have
 several categories: Supporting, \$10.00,
 Sustaining, \$5.00 and Contributing,
 \$2.50. It isn't absolutely necessary to
 belong to the APU to engage Daisy
 Miller's skill. She will make an honest
 effort to find any lost dog; she even
 gives interesting and sagacious advice
 on how to keep your dog out of the
 lost ranks.

Piled ceiling-high in her apartment-
 headquarters, Miss Miller has an exten-
 sive file of dog lovers. Facts like these
 can be gained from it about dog owners
 in many parts of the country:
 "Name, temperament, vocation, breed
 preferred, educational background,
 family, personal likes and dislikes." Every
 man and woman on her list is a
 thoroughgoing enemy of the dog thief,
 and will do anything possible to put
 one in jail.

When a dog whose owner belongs to
 the Animal Protection Union becomes
 lost, Miss Miller immediately asks for
 a photograph of the dog, has it copied
 and pasted on thousands of especially
 printed post cards.

Normal APU procedure is to contact
 all local and county police in the im-
 mediate vicinity in which the dog was
 lost. Local radio stations are asked to
 cooperate. Miss Miller carefully selects
 names from her list. Post cards are sent
 to all of these. Miss Miller deluges the
 area where the dog was lost with the
 result that within a day post offices,
 banks, gas stations, hot dog wagons,
 drugstores, railroad stations, even mov-
 ing vans and staid restaurants have
 posted her Animal Protection Union
 postcard. With this kind of publicity
 centering in the area where the dog
 was lost, a dog thief has little opportu-
 nity to peddle the dog. If the dog is not
 located, Miss Miller widens her circle,
 and covers the entire forty-eight states
 if necessary.

Miss Miller has a few things to say to
 the dog owner regarding protection.

"Every person with a dog outside a
 kennel fence should have a distinctive
 tag on his dog. It should be noticeable,
 but in no way resemble a license tag,
 and it should be on the back of the
 collar. On this tag should be the own-
 er's name and address and telephone
 number. Such a tag works with both
 honest and dishonest folk. You person-
 ally know that you would do anything
 to get a man's dog back to him. Con-
 sider the thief: He has to transport the
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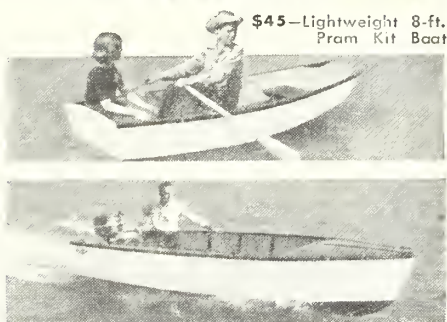
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stick much more of that long green stuff in his hands than he can ever hope to get from a fence.

"Why put the tag at the back of the neck? Because more people than will admit it are afraid of dogs and will not reach under the neck to read the tag on a lost dog."

Miss Miller rates as of prime importance, the fact that you must have a good photograph of your dog. The photo should be taken in show stance. It should be a good clear picture, every mark on the dog should be easily distinguishable, and it should be taken with the distinct idea of reproduction in mind.

As worthwhile as is the Animal Protection Union under Miss Miller, it isn't the only organized means for the protection of your dog.

The National Dog Record Bureau of 11687 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 49, Calif., which calls itself Identacode, was developed and tested during the fall of 1947. The whole thing actually

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who ought to have a subscription to the Legion Magazine? If you send \$1.50 together with his name and address to —
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came about as a result of the last war. Study of the tattooing methods adopted by the U. S. Army and used in its K-9 command brought out the fact that the same sort of system was needed by the American public to protect its dogs. With more than 22,000,000 dogs in this country the task loomed as a large one.

Since that time Identacode has trained more than 160 technicians; opened regional offices in New York, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Spokane and Milwaukee; received inquiries from 627 Kennel Clubs and dog owners in 42 states and from England, Ireland, Mexico, Argentina, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, and given Identacode protection to dogs in 16 states and the District of Columbia, Canada and Cuba. To date, 65,000 dogs have this protection.

Identacode is actually a program of dog protection through positive and permanent identification. The record comprises: a code number for each individual dog, and simple, quick and painless tattoo of that number high under the dog's right hind leg. Its supplementary recordings and assets are:

A series of records of your dog's numbers kept in local and national files, with a reserve set of records maintained by National Dog Week, Inc., and the original record secured in a safety deposit vault, plus a certificate of title, which is simply a copy of the record

mailed to all owners of dogs so identified.

Following are a couple of factual reports of work accomplished by Identacode, giving an objective and somewhat colorful picture of what they have been doing:

"November 7 — Two-year-old Red Cocker. Property of W. R. Webb, Long Beach, California. Disappeared from owner's backyard day after it was Identacoded. Recovered four weeks later, by a strange coincidence. The Webbs' youngster had overheard a

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CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 158D-150
131 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.

playmate boasting that his father had a dog at home that had numbers on it and that its color had been changed from red to white! Mrs. Webb relayed this information to the Long Beach Humane Society. Officers of the Society found the father at home. When questioned about the Identacode tattoo numbers, he stated that he was responsible for the numbers but was unable to explain their significance. The officers explained Identacode and asked to see his "Ownership Certificate." This could not be produced. The dog was picked up and returned to the Webb family—returned white but identified as their Red Cocker! Charges of theft were not preferred. It was their gardener and an ex-G.I. who stole the dog."

"December 1—Seven-month-old Wire Terrier. Property of Albert Hase, Los Angeles. Lost on the afternoon of the 1st and reported found 10 o'clock that evening by a couple who claimed the dog followed them home that afternoon from the neighborhood grocery. While romping with the dog in their home, they noticed the Identacode code numbers. They recalled reading an article on Identacode in the Los Angeles *Evening Herald* several weeks before and called headquarters direct for the dog's identity. This was the first case of a civilian contacting us direct to report one of our Identacode dogs found."

The tattoo method of identification is not complicated, nor does it hurt or disfigure your dog. The code is all-important. It gives a number to each state and a number to each county in that state. These two numbers are on one line of the tattoo, separated by a dash. The dog's individual number in his home county is on the second line.

You may think both Identacode and the Animal Protection Union are a little too involved and complicated for your needs. They aren't but if you decide to use neither, you still should be able to pick up protection points from them. Today many veterinarians offer the tattooing service. Dream up your own number and pay your vet to place the tattoo on your dog. It might save the dog's life.

Remember too that a good clear photograph may be the answer. Have several taken of your dog. If he is lost you can insert the picture in a paid advertisement in your local paper.

Above all, don't just sit and wait for your dog to disappear before you take any kind of action.

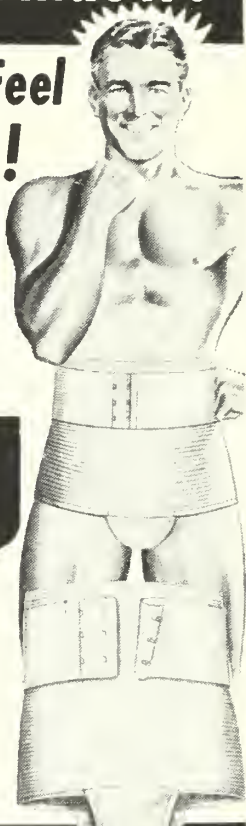
With all these means of protection available today, it doesn't make sense to lose your dog. Remember, your dog's life is in your hands. Smart as he may be, he can't buy a tag and have the correct information engraved, nor can he make the arrangements to have his leg tattooed.

THE END

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WOMAN DRIVER

*I'd gladly give you half the road
To do your daily jaunting.
If I could figure out, my dear,
Which half the road you're wanting.*
— JACK L. MORSE

WELL?

Summoning the new recruit, his Colonel ordered, "Private, dinner this evening will be a very special affair. I am entertaining several high-ranking officers of the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. Here is a list. As they arrive, you are to stand in the doorway and call the guests' names."

The youngster furrowed his brow, then brightened to reply, "Gosh! That'll sure be fun! And if it's an order, I won't get tossed into the guardhouse, will I?"

— MARY ALKUS

SELF POWERED

*A modern home is one where everything
is controlled by switches except the children.*
— ROSE GREEN

NEWLY RICH

An American woman traveling in France was at a party one night and she was introduced to a former Russian Grand Duke. Trying to make an impression on him, she showed him a long chain of malachite beads, a semi-precious gem stone, which she had purchased on her trip abroad.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she said, running the green beads through her fingers. "And they cost me a fortune," she added confidentially.

"I know," agreed the nobleman sarcastically. "My mother had a staircase made of it."

— DAN BENNETT

FUST RATE PHILOSOPHY

*About raising children, the experts'
confusion*

*Finds some of us clinging to this old
conclusion:*

*That kids who are healthy, with appetite
fust rate,*

*Are gonna be hard as the dickens to
frustrate!*
— S. OMAR BARKER

LOTS OF CHOW

Marine Pfc. Douglas Hale of Detroit, Mich., believes he has found the most practical Chinese soldier in Korea.

Through an interpreter, Pfc. Hale talked to a Chinese prisoner who had surrendered voluntarily. The Chinese was carrying a fistful of surrender leaflets.

"Why did you surrender?" asked Pfc. Hale.

"I cook breakfast for 60 soldiers," the Oriental chef answered. "Then they go out to fight. Nobody came to dinner. I thought I'd better go south."

— U. S. MARINE CORPS

TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS...

*With the world so full of goings-on
Accusings and denyings —
If a guy would really know what's what
He must read between the lyings.*

— MARY B. WARD

MONEY SAVER

A woman hailed her husband into court for non-payment of alimony. The judge was a very fairminded man and he started to question the woman.

"The alimony that your husband is paying you is pretty high," he said. "Are you sure that he is able to pay it?"

"Well, he ought to be," snapped the woman. "After all, you realize that he doesn't have to support me any more!"

— BILL ODIERNE

NO TAX PROBLEM

*When your ship comes in Uncle Sam will
dock it for you.*
— FRANCIS O. WALSH

BENEDICTION

*In your fine new house, may the roof never
leak,*

*The tile never chip, the stairs never creak.
May the paint never fade, the pipes never
rust,*

*No blinds become frayed, no boiler a bust.
May the fence never warp, the dog never
wool,*

*May your neighbors be distant, but not
aloof.*

*May the green grass grow from the time it's
seeded*

*And only the crabgrass wither, unweeded.
May the drains stay clear, the washers tight,
May your home be sheer unalloyed delight,
All leisure, relaxation and fun —*

And please enlighten me how it's done!

— THOMAS USK

THIS IS HERESY

A Texan passed away and upon arriving at the gates of his eternal home, remarked, "Gee, I never thought heaven would be so much like Texas."

"Son," said the man at the gate sadly, "this ain't heaven."

— M. I. LOCKRIDGE

YOU CAN BANK ON THAT

*That fellow Jim is brimming with vim
And vigor in large amounts;*

*There's zest in his step and his mind has pep
And his checks are chuckful of bounce.*

— BERTON BRALEY

THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

The bride had presented her husband with her first meal.

"The two best things I cook are chicken pie and strawberry shortcake," she purred.

"Well," said the husband, "which is this?"

— HAROLD HELFER

NO DICE

Whenever I choose to play poker, I lose.

At craps I fade out when I'm faded.

*When out at the track, any horse that I back
Proves a jade who's exceedingly jaded.*

I can't win a bet when I'm playing roulette.

At Bingo my fortune is mucky;

(And at love it's my fate to be given the gate)

— So I guess I'm unhappy-go-lucky.

— DICK POORE



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These baseball stars pick **Camels**

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FOR MILDNESS



Ed Lopat Yankee 21-game winner has tried different cigarettes. Says Ed, "I picked Camels for mildness and flavor. No other cigarette gives me so much pleasure!" His team-mate, Hank Bauer, agrees!



Early Wynn 20-game winner for the Indians—like his team-mate, Bob Lemon—smokes Camels. Early reports: "For steady smoking, my choice is Camels! They're mild and they taste great!"



Allie Reynolds Yankee pitcher of double "no-hit" fame is a Camel fan. Allie stated, "I've smoked Camels a long time and I know how mild a cigarette can be! And that Camel flavor sure is great!"



"Preacher" Roe (22-3 in 1951) and Dodgers—Carl Furillo, Clem Labine, Clyde King and Billy Cox—are Camel smokers. "We agree on Camels," says Roe. "Camels taste great and they're really mild!"



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